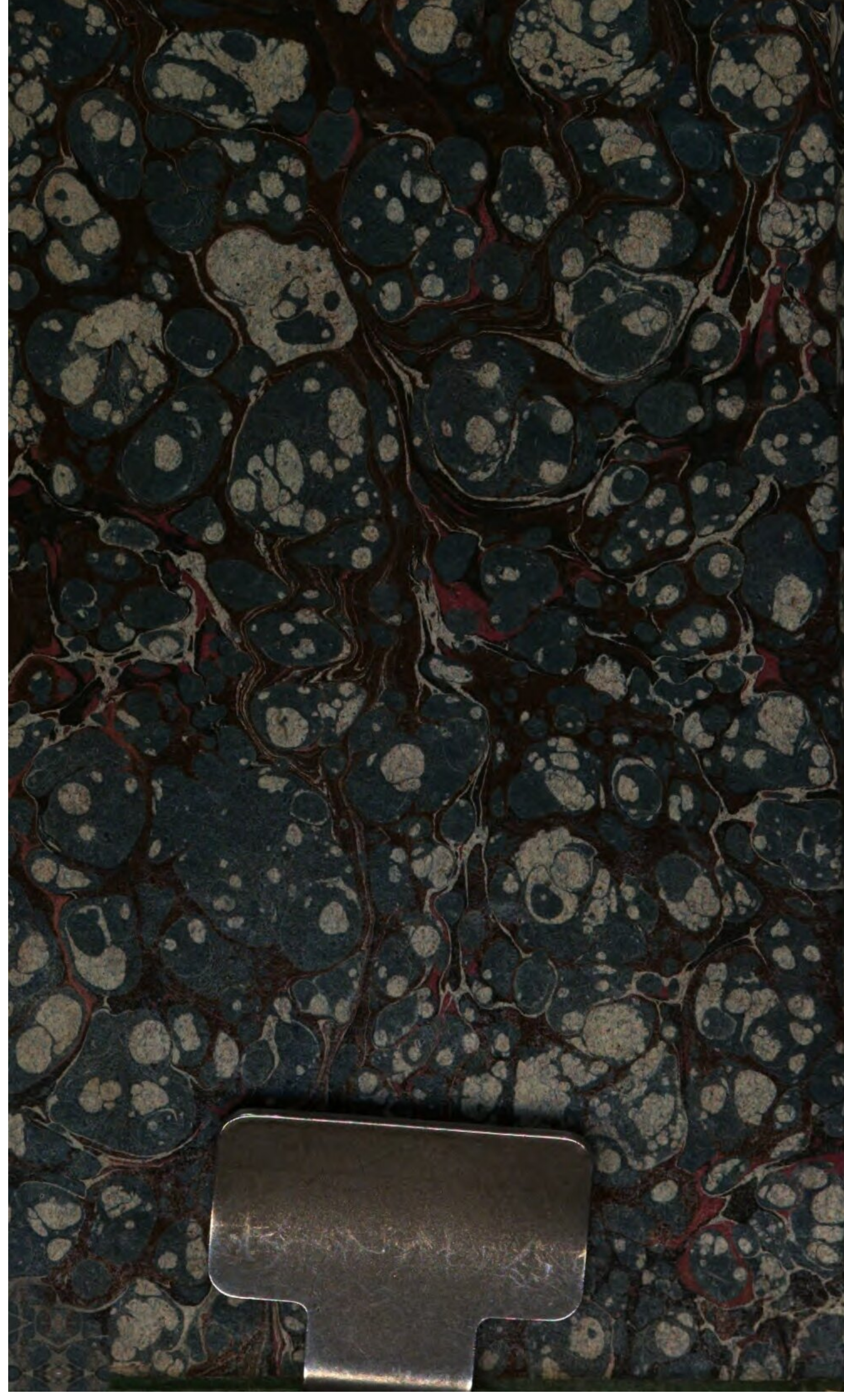




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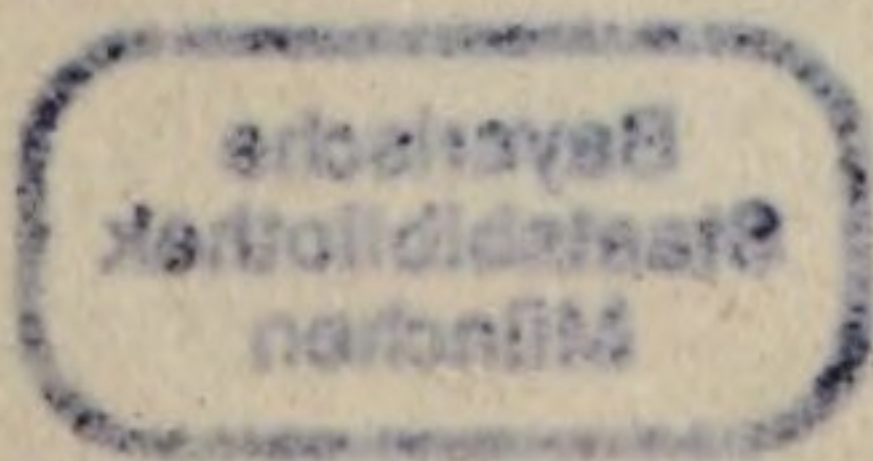
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A
TALE OF A TUB,

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL

IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND,

Vol. Vol. Vol.



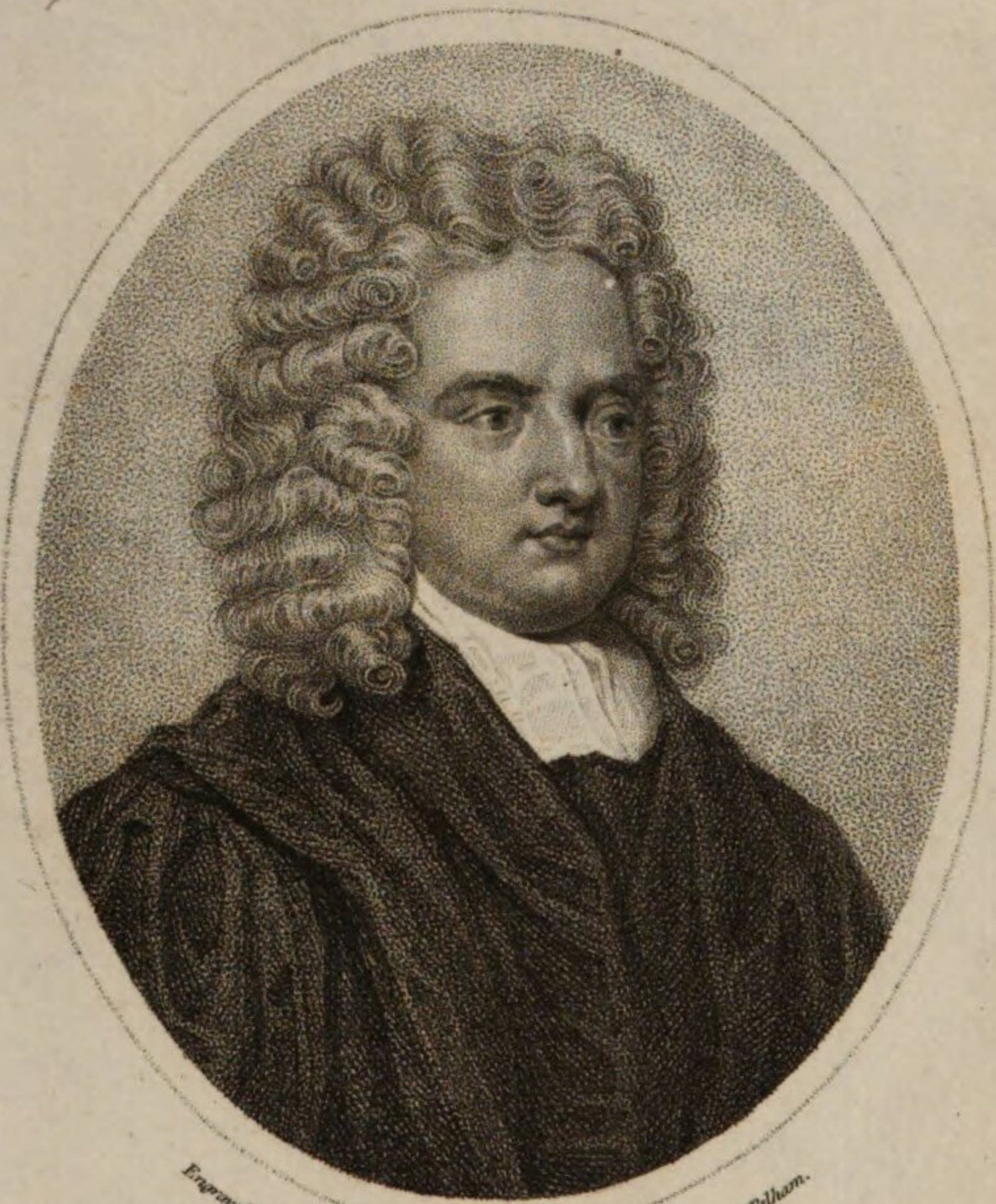
TALE OF A TUB

WRITTEN FOR THE THEATRE

THE ROYAL THEATRE OF MANTUA

By J. B. C.

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Engraved by J. Hopwood from a drawing by Thurston taken from a Painting by P. Pelham.

DEAN SWIFT.

Engraved for C. Cooke. June 17. 1797.

TALE OF A TUB,

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL
IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

To which are added,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE

BETWEEN THE
ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS.

In St. James's Library.

And a Discourse, concerning the Mechanical

OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT.

With the Author's Apology, and Explanatory Notes,

BY W. WOTTON, B.D. AND OTHERS.

Basima eacabasa eanaa irraurista, diarba da caetaba fobor camelanthi.

Iren. l. i. c. 18.

——— *Iuvatque novos decerpere flores,*

Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,

Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora musæ,

Lucret.

Cooke's Edition.



EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row,
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great-Britain.

TALK OF A TUB

IMPROVEMENT OF MARKING

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE

IN THE YEAR 1862

OPERATIONS OF THE

IN THE YEAR 1862

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IN THE YEAR 1862

LIFE OF SWIFT.

SEVERAL biographers, and those too of eminence, have presented to the world Memoirs of the life and writings of the immortal Swift, a man whose original genius and extraordinary talents have placed him in a rank above competition: but through the different and sometimes diametrically opposite lights in which he has been represented by those writers, a diversity of opinions has been formed by readers, according to their various prepossessions, and the degree of candour or prejudice by which they have been influenced.

The sources from which this narrative is taken, are the writings of Lord Orrery, Mr. Dean Swift, Dr. Hawkesworth, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Sheridan; these several productions have been attentively revised, and such parts of them selected as seemed to bear the most probable marks of truth, candour and authenticity. To these we have added some particulars communicated by a Correspondent, whose ancestor had lived in a long habit of intimacy with our author.

Jonathan Swift was born in the City of Dublin, on the 30th of November, in the year 1667; and was carried into England soon after his birth by his nurse, who, being obliged to cross the sea, and having a great affection for the child, conveyed him on shipboard without the knowledge of his mother or relations, and kept him with her at Whitehaven in Cumberland, during a residence of three years at that place.

This circumstance, with other incidents, gave rise to an opinion that Swift was born in England; indeed he has been frequently heard to say, when provoked by the ingratitude of the people of Ireland; "I am not of this vile country, I am an Englishman." This assertion, although meant figuratively, was often received literally; and the report was still further confirmed by Mr. Pope, who in one of his letters has this expression. "Though

“one or two of our friends are gone since you saw your
“*native* country.” But Swift in his cooler hours never
denied his country: on the contrary, he frequently men-
tioned the house in Dublin where he was born.

Another suggestion concerning his being a natu-
ral Son of Sir William Temple is equally without
foundation; for it appears from historical evidence, that
Sir William was resident as British Minister abroad,
from the year 1665 to the year 1670, first at Brussels,
afterwards at the Hague; so that Dean Swift's mother,
who never crossed the sea, except from England to Ire-
land, could not possibly have had personal knowledge
of Sir William Temple till some years after her son's
birth, which happened, as before observed, in 1667.

When young Swift returned to Ireland, being then
six years old, he was sent to the school of Kilkenny,
and at fourteen admitted as a student of the University
of Dublin. The expences of his education being de-
frayed by his uncle, Godwin Swift, whose want of eco-
nomy had involved him in great difficulties, and sub-
jected him to the necessity of reducing the stipend allowed
his nephew to a very narrow pittance; he was so dis-
couraged and dispirited by the contracted state of his
finances, that he neglected the dry parts of academical
study, such as logic and metaphysics, and passed his
time chiefly in ready history and poetry, as more adapted
to amuse him in his melancholy situation. In conse-
quence of this neglect, when he appeared as a candidate
for the degree of Bachelors of Arts, he was set aside,
as he himself expresses it, for dulness and insufficiency.
It is to be supposed that the word dulness was on this
occasion used by Swift in a jocular sense, as the cause
assigned for stopping a candidate of a degree, for not
making a proper answer to any question propounded in
some branch of literature appointed for that particular
examination; which does not necessarily imply dulness,
as it may as well proceed from idleness or neglect. But
in Swift it was rather to be imputed to contumacy than
either the one or the other; however through the interest of
his

his friends, he at length obtained his degree *speciali gratiâ*, by special favour, where it still remains upon record in the register of the University.

Swift remained three years at Trinity College, after this disgraceful circumstance, little known or regarded. By scholars he was deemed a blockhead, and as his scanty pittance would not admit of associating with his equals, he seemed to mix with those of a lower class, and therefore lived in a recluse manner, pursuing his study of history and poetry, or ruminating on his unfortunate situation; yet such was the force of his genius, that notwithstanding the pressure of his circumstances, he drew out, at the age of nineteen, his first sketch of the *Tale of a Tub*. This fact is confirmed by his chamber-fellow at College, Mr. Waryng, who declared he saw it in Swift's hand-writing when he was of that age; and amazing it is that at such an early period of life, our author, great as his genius was, should have learning and capacity enough to frame so bold an allegory, and support it with such spirit throughout a number of sheets.

In the year 1688 Swift was deprived of the assistance of his uncle Godwin, who was seized with a lethargy, which rendered him incapable of attending to business, as well as exposed the deranged state of his affairs to the world. Finding his fortune, in consequence of this calamitous event, clouded with a melancholy aspect, he determined to leave the kingdom, and took a journey to Leicester in order to consult with his mother upon his future plan of life. She directed him to apply to Sir William Temple, and solicit his advice, and patronage. The lady of Sir William was her relation and there had been a long intimacy between Sir John Temple, father of Sir William, and Godwin Swift, during the time Sir John had been Master of the Rolls in Ireland. However averse such an application might be to Swift's haughty spirit, yet as it was his only resource, he followed his mother's advice; presented himself to Sir William Temple, at Shene; and was received, and treated, with that

hospitality and indulgence, to which his family connections and unfortunate situation gave him a double claim.

On the suggestion of Sir William, who pointed out to him the necessity of retrieving lost time, he applied himself with great assiduity to his studies, which engrossed his attention at least eight hours a day, with but few intermissions. The first of these was occasioned by an illness from a surfeit of fruit, to which he ascribed that coldness of stomach and giddiness of head, with which he was affected, more or less, during the remainder of his life.

After two years residence at Moor Park, to which place his patron had removed, when the state troubles had ceased; his health became so impaired, that in compliance with the advice of physicians he went to Ireland to try the effects of his native air; but deriving no benefit from it, he soon returned to England and was again received most affectionately by Sir William Temple, with whom, rising into confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance, as well as employed by him in the correction of his own works.

It is conjectured, and with great probability, that the very extraordinary attachment of Sir William to our author, arose from his having shewn him his *Tale of a Tub*, after its revision and correction at his leisure hours, during the two years of his residence with his liberal patron. A work bearing the stamp of such originality of genius must have ingratiated him with a man of Sir William Temple's refined taste and ripened judgment.

Sir William had been Ambassador and Mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen prior to the Revolution. In this character he conciliated the esteem of the Prince of Orange, who soon after he ascended the throne of England, visited him at Shene, and consulted him in the most important business of the State. Here Swift was introduced by his patron to that Monarch, who was so captivated with his talents that he offered to make him
a Captain

a Captain of horse, but upon his declining that offer from a predilection for the Church, he obtained the promise of a Prebendary, as appears from a Letter to his uncle, William Swift, dated 1692, in which he writes "I am not to take orders till the King makes me Prebend."

About this time a Bill was brought into the House of Commons for triennial Parliaments, to which the King, who was a stranger to the British Constitution was very averse, and therefore sent the Earl of Portland to Sir William Temple, to consult him on the expediency of the measure then pending in that House. Sir William, having in vain attempted to convince the Earl that the passing of the Bill would by no means militate against the power of the Crown, sent Swift to his Majesty, with a compendious account in writing, of the result of the conference between himself and the Earl. Upon this occasion Swift not only enforced the arguments of his Patron, but took the liberty of introducing some remarks of his own, being well versed in English History: all he advanced however could not prevail with the King to adopt the advice of Sir William Temple, so that the design of his (Swifts') mission was totally frustrated, nor did the Bill ever obtain the Royal sanction. This was the first time Swift had any converse with courts, and he often observed to his friends, that the mortification resulting from his disappointment, acted in future very powerfully as an antidote against his vanity.

Swift continued to prosecute his studies with unremitting assiduity, and from a conviction of the indispensable necessity of exercise to prevent the loss of health, he used to run a mile and a half up and down a hill that was near the house, every two hours. From this very close application it may justly be concluded that he was determined to prepare himself for his degree of Master of Arts, in such a manner as to wipe away the disgrace attending his admittance to that of Bachelor in the University of Dublin. Accordingly he went to Oxford, in 1692, took his Masters' degree,

and, from the satisfaction he expresses at the reception he met with from the university, he was no doubt distinguished as a scholar, and found the grand end he proposed in the prosecution of his studies fully accomplished.

From Oxford he returned to Moor-Park, where he assisted Sir William Temple in the revision of his works, corrected and improved the *Tale of a Tub*, and added the *Digressions*, which are written in a vein of humour and satire peculiar to the author.

From a long series of residence and conversation with Sir William, who was a finished statesman, and versed in all the finesse and duplicity of courts, Swift acquired great political knowledge, and was induced to suspect the sincerity of Sir William's promises, of using his interest with his Majesty in his behalf. In this state of anxious expectation he continued at Moor-Park two years longer, till at length conceiving that Sir William kept him there merely to subserve his own purposes, he determined at all events to leave him, and enter upon the grand theatre of life.

When Swift communicated his resolution to Sir William Temple; he appeared to be highly chagrined; to obviate however the imputation of forfeiting his word, he told him that at present he could do no more than appoint him to a vacant employment in the Rolls-office in Ireland, the salary of which was about a hundred a year. Swift piqued at an offer which he deemed so inadequate to his deserts; laconically replied, "that since he had no opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders," and they parted on this occasion, not without evident tokens of displeasure on the part of Sir William, and resentment on the part of Swift.

While he lived with Sir William Temple at Moor-Park, he paid an annual visit to his mother at Leicester, and his mode of travelling was very singular. He always went on foot, unless the weather was very bad,
and

and then he would take shelter in a waggon. He chose to dine at obscure alehouses, frequented by pedlars, and at night would go to a penny lodging, where he procured clean sheets for sixpence. Some ascribe this strange practice to parsimony, and others with more apparent probability to a desire of seeing human life in all the variety of its scenes and stations.

According to his resolution, Swift went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694, being then almost twenty seven years old, and having no higher view than that of obtaining the Chaplainship of the Factory at Lisbon, through the interest of a relation, who resided as a merchant in that city. But in the interim he was recommended to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, who gave him the Prebend of Kilroot in the Diocese of Connor a northern district, the income of which was about one hundred pounds a year.

To this place Swift immediately repaired to take upon him the duties of his office; but he was soon disgusted with his situation, being at so great a distance from the metropolis, that it absolutely deprived him of that kind of conversation and society in which he delighted. He had been used to very different scenes in England, and had naturally an aversion to solitude and retirement. Happily therefore for him, he soon received a letter from Sir William Temple, with an invitation to Moor-Park, which fixed his resolution of compliance; but he first determined to resign his living.

This resignation was highly commendable on the part of Swift, as it was in favour of a poor curate who had a numerous family to maintain, on the miserable pittance of forty pounds a year. It is mentioned by a gentleman of veracity, that Swift was so affected by the lively sensation of the poor man to whom he had rendered so essential a service, as to declare he had never felt such exquisite pleasure of mind as he did upon that memorable occasion.

When he arrived at Moor-Park in 1695, after a year's

year's absence, he met with the most cordial reception from Sir William Temple, who was so highly gratified by his return, that for the remainder of Sir William's life, which was about four years, these two great men lived together in the most perfect harmony, and with marks of mutual confidence and esteem. During this time Swift wrote the *Battle of the Books*, of which Sir William is the hero, and the eulogium paid to his profound learning and superior talents in that work reflect the highest honour on his character. To pass his leisure hours, Swift undertook the tuition of Sir William's niece, instructing her in the English language, and pointing out such books as were proper for her to read. Miss Johnson, afterwards so well known by the name of Stella, who resided in the family, became his pupil, and as she was at that time about fourteen, beautiful in her person and elegant in her manners, no task could be more grateful to Swift than that of cultivating her talents and forming her mind.

In 1699, Sir William Temple died, and left a legacy to Swift, together with the care and trust of publishing his posthumous works, having obtained for him, from King William, a promise of the first prebend that should be vacant at Westminster, or Canterbury. Such were the regard and attention which Swift shewed to this great man, that in his last illness he kept a daily register of the various turns of his disorder, from July 1st 1668, to the 27th of January 1669, which he concludes with this note, "He died at one o'clock in the morning, and with him all that was great and good amongst men."

Upon the demise of his patron, Swift came to London, and applied by petition to King William, for the first vacant prebend of Canterbury or Westminster, according to the royal promise, and to facilitate the success of this application, he dedicated the posthumous works with which he was entrusted, to his Majesty. But neither the dedication, petition, nor subsequent memorial which he presented, had any effect, so that
after

after a fruitless attendance at court for some time, he accepted of an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley, then appointed one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to attend him to that kingdom as his Chaplain and private Secretary, which offices he filled, till they arrived at Dublin, when one Bush found an opportunity to insinuate to his Lordship, that the post of Secretary was not proper for a Clergyman, to whom only church preferments could be suitable, so that the Earl divested Swift of the Secretaryship, and conferred it upon Bush. Swift, fired with resentment at this illiberal treatment, expressed his sensibility of it in a short but satirical copy of verses, entitled *the Discovery*, which placed his Lordship, and his new made Secretary, in a ridiculous point of view.

This disappointment was soon after followed by another. The rich Deanery of Derry, which was at his Lordship's disposal, became vacant, and Swift expected to obtain it, but he was frustrated in his hope; for through the Secretary's influence, secured by a bribe, it was given to another, and Lord Berkeley, fearful of the resentment of an exasperated genius, immediately presented him with the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the Diocese of Meath, which together did not amount to half the value of the Deanery; the former being worth about two hundred, and the latter about sixty pounds a year. These were the only church preferments that Swift enjoyed, till he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. He did not however estrange himself from Lord Berkeley's family, from the great honour and respect he had for his excellent Lady, whose virtues he has celebrated in the Introduction to *The Project for the Advancement of Religion*. He also wrote several little pieces for the private entertainment of the family, among which was one remarkable for its genuine humour, entitled, *The humble Petition of Mr. Frances Harris, &c.*

When Lord Berkeley left Ireland, he went to reside at Laracor, where he performed all the duties of his
function

function with great decency and exactness, and gave notice that he would read prayers every Wednesday, and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung, and the Rector attended in his desk, where after having sat down, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself, and his Clerk *Roger*, he began, with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, “Dearly beloved *Roger*, the scripture moveth *you* and *me* in sundry places” and proceeded regularly through the whole service. We mention this trifling circumstance to shew that he could not resist a vein of humour, when he had an opportunity of exerting it, and having given a particular example of his humour, we shall give the following instance of his pride.

While Swift was Chaplain to Lord Berkeley, his only sister, with the concurrence of her friends, was married to a tradesman of fair character and considerable property. Swift, disdaining an alliance with a tradesman, utterly refused all reconciliation with his sister, nor would listen to the entreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland, under an assurance of pacifying his anger, having found him in every other instance a dutiful and obedient son; but his pride was not to be conquered, and his mother finding her son inflexible, returned to Leicester, where she continued till the time of her death.

During his residence at Laracor, he invited to Ireland Miss Johnson, his former pupil, to whom Sir William Temple, in consideration of her father's faithful services as steward, had left a legacy of a thousand pounds. She was accompanied by her friend Mrs. Dingley, whose whole fortune, though she was related to the Temples, was only twenty seven pounds a year for her life. With these ladies he passed his leisure hours, and no doubt but the conversation of the amiable Stella, who by his own account possessed every accomplishment that could adorn her sex, contributed not a little to sweeten his retirement, which otherwise must soon have become

become burthensome to so active a spirit. But it is very remarkable, that neither of these ladies resided in the same house with him, nor did he ever see them without a third person being present. They lived at the parsonage when Swift was absent, and when he returned, removed to the house of a neighbouring Clergyman. From Laracor he made frequent excursions to Dublin, and paid an annual visit to England, hoping that some favourable opportunity would offer for the aggrandizement of his fame and fortune.

In 1701, Swift took his degree of Doctor in Divinity, and afterwards came to London, where he found the public mind agitated by the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Oxford, and Lords Simmonds and Halifax, by the House of Commons. This event produced his first political Essay, entitled, *A Discourse on the Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome*, in which he displayed great knowledge in ancient History, as well as skill in the English constitution, and the state of parties, without at that time any attachment to either, being actuated by truly disinterested and patriotic principles.

As he concealed his name with the greatest caution, this much talked of pamphlet, so replete with political knowledge, was attributed to Bishop Burnet; but Swift himself discovered the author upon the following occasion. On his return to Ireland, happening to fall in company with Bishop Sheridan, that prelate, on the subject of the pamphlet coming upon the tapis, insisted that it was written by Bishop Burnet, and that there was not another man living equal to it. Swift maintained the contrary, and being urged, peremptorily averred that it was not written by Burnet, upon which Bishop Sheridan asking, who wrote it? Swift replied, "My Lord, I wrote it." Johnson, in his Life of Swift, observes, that when he seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the Bishop, "that he was *a young man*," and still persisting to doubt, the Prelate declared he was "*a very positive young man*." This was the only piece he ever explicitly averred.

Early

Early in the spring of 1702, King William died, an event that opened to the political world a new scene of action. When his successor, Queen Anne, came to the throne ; the whigs and tories, “ creatures,” according to the description of a whimsical author in the last century, “ who are born with a secret antipathy to each other, and engage as naturally when they meet as the elephant and rhinoceros,” were warmly contending for the ascendancy ; and it was generally supposed that the Tories would have prevailed, but contrary to all expectation the whigs had managed matters with such dexterity, as to secure the confidence of the Queen, and of course obtain the administration of Government. Swift’s friends were now in power, and from the specimen he had given of his political knowledge, in his *Discourse on the Contests, &c.* wished to retain him in their service ; but notwithstanding his interest and personal attachment were on their side, he declined all concern in their affairs. The reason assigned by Mr. Sheridan in his life, was their encouragement of Fanatics, and Sectaries of all kinds, under an open profession of Low-church principles, and indeed maintaining universal toleration, under pretence of moderation, and allowing a general liberty of conscience. However this motive may evince his sincerity, it can be no proof of his liberality, in the opinion of those who consider religious liberty as the indisputable claim of rational beings.

Having at this juncture, declined all political concerns, his time was mostly employed in composing sermons, and attending to his parochial duties ; nor did he indulge himself in any sallies of fancy till the year 1703, when he penned his *Meditations on a Broomstick*, and *the Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*. The first of these was written in derision of that canting, fanatical language, which is too often used to delude weak and credulous minds ; and the other to expose the folly and presumption of superficial scribblers, who, by a bombastic style, endeavour to give an importance to the most futile and trivial subjects. In

In the year 1704, he first published his *Tale of a Tub*, which he had kept by him, by his own confession, eight years after it had been completely finished. Mr. Sheridan considers this work as conducive to the interests of real religion, in shewing the effects of superstition and fanaticism in a ludicrous point of view; but Johnson and others think it of a very dangerous tendency; indeed the major part of the clergy of that day were of the same opinion, as appears from Archbishop Sharpe's having shewn it to the Queen, in order to debar the author from obtaining a bishopric; nor did Swift, upon that occasion, deny his writing it, though it was evidently repugnant to his interest. After the publication of this work, his acquaintance was much sought after by all persons of taste and genius; a sincere and lasting friendship subsisted between him and Mr. Addison; and he lived in habits of intimacy with Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Parnell, Garth, Berkeley, and other eminent literary characters of that day.

There passed an interval of four years between this period, and the time of Swift's starting from a state of inactivity, when he published, in 1708, several pieces on political and religious subjects, such as, *The Sentiments of a Church of Englandman*;—*Arguments against abolishing Christianity*;—and, *A Defence of the Sacramental Test*. From the general tenor of these works Swift's political and religious principles may be easily deduced. It will appear, that he was by no means exempt from the prejudices that prevailed in those days; that he was an advocate for a blind and implicit deference for particular doctrines and tenets, without investigating the validity of their foundation; and that, with respect to toleration, his principles were inimical to a general liberty of conscience. In a word, however free and unbiassed his mind might be in other respects, in religious matters it was contracted, partial and illiberal. He wrote also, the same year, those admirable papers on Partridge, the almanack-maker, under the name of Bickerstaff.

In 1709, he published a tract, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion*. This was a very strong, though covert attack upon the power of the whigs.—Swift had discerned that the Queen was then meditating a change in the ministry; to effect which, he knew nothing could more forcibly contribute, than to insinuate that the church was in danger, and called loudly for the protection of her Majesty, and the countenance and support of the ministry, and all persons vested with authority under the crown; intimating, that the Queen should employ none in her ministry, or in any offices about her person, but such as were warmly attached to the religion established by law; which was, in effect, to say, that she must discard the whigs or low-church-party, and chuse her officers from among the tories or high-church-party, in order to rescue the church from the destruction with which it was threatened. But the project laid down in this tract supposes more zeal, concord, and perseverance, to carry it into execution, than, from a general view of mankind, can be reasonably expected.

Swift began his political career in 1710, when the whigs were dismissed, and a tory ministry was appointed in their stead. Being then in England, he was deputed by the Primate of Ireland, to solicit the Queen for a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth parts to the clergy of that kingdom. Having received his credentials, he applied to Harley, not only because he took the lead in administration, but because he had been represented to him as a man neglected and oppressed by the late ministry, for having refused to co-operate with them in some of their schemes. Harley received him with apparent cordiality, as a man capable of rendering him the most essential services in the prosecution of the plan he had in contemplation, and soon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence has been doubted; for Lord Orrery, who was well acquainted with courts and courtiers, observes, “that Harley, as a gentleman and a scholar, might be open and unreserved to Doctor Swift, as far as his nature would permit; but as a minister of state, he

he ever appeared mysterious and enigmatical, delivering his oracles, like the Delphian deity, in occult terms, and ambiguous expressions." The Doctor soon after became personally acquainted with the rest of the ministers, who courted and caressed him with uncommon assiduity, and admitted him to a political association, who dined together, statedly, every week, and went under the denomination of *Brothers*.

From this time the Doctor supported the interest of his new friends with all his powers, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers. The writers on both sides attacked each other with great acrimony. On the whig side were Mr. Addison, Bishop Burnet, Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and others of less note. On the part of the tories were Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Mr. Prior, and their new associate, Doctor Swift.

The tory party had begun a weekly paper, called *The Examiner*, and had published twelve numbers, but as soon as Swift had declared his resolution to espouse their cause, they committed to him the sole management of that paper. He wrote thirty-three numbers, and it was generally allowed that in point of argument, wit, and satire, he baffled all his opponents, and maintained a decided superiority; which secured him the utmost degree of confidence and familiarity, not only with Mr. Harley, but the whole ministry, being always present at their most sacred consultations on political matters, and a constant companion of their chosen parties, to enliven their social hours.

But the attention of Swift was not so totally engrossed by politics as to obliterate from his mind the remembrance of Stella; for, amidst all the business and honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of whatever occurred, and transmitted her a journal regularly, dated every fortnight, during the whole time of his connection with Queen Anne's ministry; and from these unrestrained effusions of his heart, many particu-

lars are known, which could not have been discovered by any other means.

So active was Swift in the cause he espoused, that he was not content with performing every thing within his own department, but he let slip no opportunity of urging ministers to do what was proper on their part.—He told them their faults with great freedom, sometimes in a serious, and sometimes in a jocular manner, as opportunities offered. There is a little anecdote, which shews how freely he indulged himself in this vein. He had ever conceived, since he had joined the party, that Harley, now created Earl of Oxford, was rather too tardy in his measures, to which he took occasion to allude, on the following circumstance.

Swift having received a present of a curious snuff-box from Colonel Hill, an officer who had signalized his valour at the battle of Almanza, he shewed it to Lord Oxford, who, after having admired the painting and the workmanship, turned up the bottom of the box, where he espied a figure resembling a goose, upon which, turning to the Doctor, he said, “Jonathan, I think the Colonel has made a *goose* of you!”—“’Tis true, My Lord,” replied Swift, “but if you will look a little further, you will see I am driving a *snail* before me;” which indeed happened to be the device. To this the Earl coolly replied, “That’s severe enough, Jonathan; but I deserve it.”

It does not appear that Swift at this time had any great expectations from his connections with these exalted characters; as in one of his letters to his favourite Stella, he writes thus, “The ministry are good honest fellows; I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan, as they found me; and that I never knew a ministry do any thing for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; but I care not.”

In 1711 he wrote a letter to the October Club, a society, composed, according to his own account, of
“above

“above an hundred parliament-men, of the country-party, who drank October-beer at home, and met every evening at a tavern, near the new parliament-house, to drive things on to extremes against the whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads.” Swift foresaw that the cabals of this club would, if persisted in, be attended with the most dangerous consequences to the ministry. To put an end therefore to these cabals, was the purport and design of this letter, which had the desired effect; for they were so well satisfied with the advice given in it, that their meetings were no more continued, and the members of that club were afterwards the firmest friends the ministry had in the House of Commons.

In the same year he published, *Proposals for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford. It was to erect some kind of society, under the protection of the Queen, for that purpose; the method to be submitted to the society. Dr. Johnson says that “this letter is written without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without an accurate enquiry into the history of other tongues;” and from the tenor of his remarks, he seems to think the plan would not have answered the purpose. But as liberality of criticism was not amongst the good qualities attached to the Doctor’s character, no certain inference can be drawn from his opinion, especially as the plan was never carried into execution. Swift, however mentions, in a letter to a friend, that the Lord Treasurer (Harley) talked of the plan very warmly, but was too busy to attend to it at that juncture.

From the dissensions which prevailed in the cabinet, Swift foresaw the ruin of the ministry; and as nothing could keep them in power but the accomplishment of their grand object, a peace; to bring about that important event, he wrote his famous political tract, called *The Conduct of the Allies*, which he confessed cost him much pains, and which succeeded beyond his expectations. It was published at the close of the year 1711, a

few days before the parliament met, and in the course of two months 11,000 copies were sold, seven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. The purpose of this tract was to persuade the nation to a peace, and it produced a wonderful effect upon the minds of the people, who had been deluded by the partizans for the continuance of the war, into an opinion that it would ultimately redound to the glory of England; but the foundation and effects of the war were so forcibly pointed out, by the author of *The Conduct of the Allies*, that the advocates for it were confounded between shame and rage, when it evidently appeared that mines had been exhausted, and millions destroyed, to secure the Dutch or aggrandize the Emperor, without any advantage to the people of this country. This tract became so popular that it engrossed public conversation, and furnished the tory members with arguments for debate in favour of peace, in both houses of parliament; and the resolutions, which were printed in the votes, and which never would have passed but for *The Conduct of the Allies*, were little more than quotations from it. After so signal a service it is no wonder that the author grew into the greatest confidence with the ministry, and that they ever afterwards courted his approbation of their measures.

In 1712, he published his *Reflections on the Barrier Treaty*; an appendage to his *Conduct of the Allies*; as also, his *Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the third volume of his History of the Reformation*.—

This pamphlet was written to alarm the nation on the probable approach of popery, and as Swift differed widely with the Bishop in political opinions, he treats him with great asperity in his reflections.

It may seem surprising that Swift, notwithstanding his influence with the ministry, should have remained so long without preferment; but it appears that they were far from being unmindful of his services, for they had applied to the Queen to recommend him to a vacant bishopric, but there were two obstacles which frustrated the
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the design of his friends in their application. The one was the disgust of the clergy at his *Tale of a Tub*, and the other the resentment of the Duchess of Somerset, a favourite with the Queen, whom he had ridiculed with much point in a copy of verses, entitled, *The Windsor Prophecy*. This lady prevailed with the Archbishop of York, who was as inimical to Swift as her Grace, to oppose his promotion, and the Prelate plied the artillery of the church against him, intimating to the Queen—“That her Majesty should be sure that the man she was going to make a Bishop of was a Christian.” The Duchess also represented to the Queen the indignity with which she had been treated by the insolent satyrist, and presented the copy of verses to her Majesty, who, as a mark of her displeasure, passed by Swift in the nomination, and substituted another.

As soon as it was known that Swift had rendered himself obnoxious to the Queen, his enemies attacked him with the utmost virulence. Speeches were made against him in both houses of parliament. The Scotch Peers, in a body, represented to the Queen the injury he had done the honour of their nation, in a pamphlet, called *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, written in answer to Steel's *Crisis*, and interceded with her Majesty that the author might be brought to condign punishment. But soon after, through the interposition of the Earl of Oxford, he regained the favour of the Queen, and appeared at court as usual.

In April, 1713, about the time of the conclusion of the peace, he was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, which seems to have been the highest preferment his friends were disposed to give him. Dr. Johnson says, “That ministry was in a great degree supported by the clergy, who were not reconciled to the author of *The Tale of a Tub*; and would not, without much discontent and indignation, have borne to see him installed in an English cathedral.” But whatever might have been the motive for conferring upon him the Deanery of St. Patrick in Dublin, it was not so acceptable to him as an appointment.

ment in England would have been, though attended with much less power and profit.

In June following he went over to Dublin, to take possession of the Deanery, intending to take up his residence there for some time, but was soon recalled to England, in order to reconcile a difference between Harley and Bolingbroke, the consequences of which were justly dreaded by their friends. Having exerted his utmost efforts to bring about a reconciliation between these two great statesmen, without effect, he gave up the point, and told them he would take his leave, and decline in future all political concerns. He then retired, in June, 1714, to a friend's house in Berkshire, where he wrote a pamphlet, entitled *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*, in which he censures, with great acrimony, the conduct of his friends in administration, and imputes the derangement of public affairs to the dissensions which prevailed in the cabinet. But no proof could be made of the effect of this piece, as the publication was delayed till the Queen's death, when Swift recalled the copy, which was afterwards deposited in the hands of a friend, and has since been published.

In this gay part of his life, he became acquainted with Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, a young lady of great mental and personal accomplishments, much inclined to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. Swift visiting the family in London, became in a short time a kind of preceptor to the young lady, took great pleasure in directing her in the choice of books, and by many assiduities softened her into a degree of complacency, which was at length improved into love; and she ventured to make the Doctor a proposal of marriage. It is probable that his attachment to Miss Johnson might induce him not to accept this proposal; however, it is certain that he declined it, though without assigning any other engagement as the reason.

In this situation he wrote that beautiful Poem, called *Cadmus and Vanessa*, the principal view of which seems to have been, at once to compliment and rally her; to
apologize

apologize for his conduct, and soften a tacit denial by leaving the event undetermined. But the Poem was written with such exquisite taste, and represented her qualities of mind and person in such lively colours, that, instead of abating her passion, it only served to add fuel to the flame.

A remarkable change now took place in his manner of writing to Miss Johnson, and in a short time she was wholly neglected and the journal was discontinued, while a constant intercourse was kept up between the Doctor and Vanessa, an appellation he had given to Miss Vanhomrigh.

When Swift returned to Ireland, after the Queen's death, he found things in the highest ferment. The accounts of his reception there are very differently related. According to Dr. Delany, he met with the highest tokens of respect; but that must refer to the time of his going over to be installed, and taking possession of the Deanery; for Lord Orrery and Mr. Sheridan concur in affirming, that when he came there, after the death of the Queen, as a settled resident, he met with every degree of contempt and abuse. He was known to have been highly in confidence with the late ministry, who were charged by the whigs with an intention of bringing over the Pretender; and, as he was of course supposed to have been concerned with them in the plot, he was constantly insulted with opprobrious language as he walked the streets, and even pelted by the populace as he passed along, insomuch that he was obliged, when he went abroad, to be attended by servants, armed, to protect his person from their outrage. Nor did he escape personal affronts from those of a higher rank, who, as they were actuated by the virulence of party, took all opportunities of treating him with indignity.

Having now quitted the tumults of party and the intrigues of a court, he retired from the world, took upon him the discharge of the duties of his Deanery, and employed his vacant hours in writing two tracts, entitled *Memoirs relating to the Change which happened*
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in the Queen's Ministry in 1710; the other, *An Enquiry into the Conduct of the Queen's last Ministry*. He also finished *A History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne's Reign*; but, though it was a work of great labour and attention, it did not answer the expectations which were formed of it by the public.

The removal from England to Ireland was the great event that determined the line of his life, bounded his views, and pointed out what he might possess, and for what he might hope. Great disappointments, which deranged his general plan, and rendered it necessary for him to enter on the world, as it were, a second time, brought to his mind the brevity of human life, and so strongly impressed him with apprehensions of death, that the thought recurred to his mind when he first awaked, for a succession of many years.

As soon as he was settled at Dublin, Miss Johnson removed from the country to be near him, but they still lived in separate houses; his residence was at the Deanery; but the lady had lodgings on the other side of the Liffey.

To amuse himself in a country where he considered himself in a state of exile, he kept a public table, two days a week, and though the circle of his visitors at first were small, they were highly respectable, and in process of time increased to a considerable number. There was, among his companions, one who could derive no honour from his descent, a foundling, whom Swift therefore called Melchisedec, alluding to Mechisedec who it is said, had neither father nor mother. This gentleman's name was Worrall, he was a Clergyman, who belonged to the Cathedral of St. Patrick, and was held by the Dean in great esteem. The entertainments or visiting days were served up with elegance and decorum, under the direction of Miss Johnson, who yet appeared in the circle without any character distinct from the rest of the company. Though the Dean was in general penurious, he would maintain the dignity of his clerical character, and was served on festive occasions upon plate.
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He used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland, that eat upon plate, and the richest that went without a coach. In what manner he spent the rest of his time, and employed his hours of study there are no documents to ascertain; he rather appears to have resigned himself to amusements, to divert the melancholy resulting from a situation remote from his friends, and those adverse events which frustrated his sanguine hopes and expectations.

At length, in the year 1716, he married Miss Johnson, his favourite Stella, after a most intimate friendship of more than sixteen years. The ceremony was privately performed by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity College, Dublin. But notwithstanding the marriage, they lived separately as before, nor did the lady ever reside at the Deanery, but when the Dean was seized with the fits of giddiness, to which he had been subject from early life. Lord Orrery says, "it would be difficult to prove that they were afterwards together without a third person."

Dean Swift lived in a state of retirement till the year 1720, when he began to re-assume his character of a political writer, and published a pamphlet, entitled, *A Proposal for the universal use of Irish Manufactures*. This Pamphlet being agreeable to the sentiments of the nation, had a very rapid sale, but excited the indignation and resentment of the Ministry, who caused the Printer to be brought to trial, after which the Jury brought him in, "Not guilty." The Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a *Special Verdict*. But the cause being so very unpopular, it was deferred from time to time, till the Viceroy, after mature advice and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *Noli prosequi*.

To this pamphlet, Swift owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour. A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures within the kingdom had captivated

tivated all hearts. The attachment which the Dean bore to the true interest of Ireland was no longer doubted. He was looked upon with pleasure and respect, as he passed the streets, and had attained to so high a degree of popularity that he was distinguished by the title of, THE DEAN.

Swift did not appear again in a political character till the year 1724, when he produced a *Series of Letters* under the signature of *A Drapier*. These letters were written in consequence of a patent, iniquitously obtained by one Wood, to coin 180,000*l.* of copper, to pass current throughout the kingdom of Ireland, from which he would have acquired an inordinate gain, and proportionally impoverished the people. It was soon found that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, so that the design of the *Drapier* was to shew the folly of receiving, and the mischief that must ensue from giving gold and silver for coin, perhaps not worth a third part of its nominal value. At the sound of the *Drapier's* trumpet all ranks of people took the alarm. The Papist, the Fanatic, the Whig and the Tory, all enlisted in the common cause, and such was the concurrence of the general voice, that Wood, though supported by the tools of the Ministry, was compelled to withdraw his patent, and the coin was totally suppressed. But the Ministry of Ireland, considering this resistance to his Majesty's patent as highly criminal, the Chief Justice who had tried the printer of a former Pamphlet written by Swift, now presented the *Drapier*, but could not prevail with the Grand Jury to find the Bill.

The Dean, for this signal service to the country, obtained the appellation of the *Drapier*, became the idol of the people, and was consulted in all points relating to domestic policy in general, and to the trade of Ireland in particular. Indeed he gained such power as, considered both in point of extent, and duration, scarcely any man ever enjoyed, without greater wealth or higher station. The *Drapier* was a sign; the *Drapier* was a toast, and which way ever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens

tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the *Drapier*.

Mr. Sheridan mentions an anecdote relative to Wood's halfpence, which was communicated to him by a merchant of great opulence and respectability, who was a spectator of the following scene.

The day after the Proclamation was issued out against the *Drapier*, there was a full levee at the Castle. The Lord Lieutenant (Earl Carteret) was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the Lord Lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, in the following words, "So my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shop-keeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves and vassals of power felt and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood super-eminent among them, like his own Gulliver, amidst a circle of Lilliputians. For some time a profound silence ensued; when Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this apt reply, in a line from Virgil:

"Res duræ, et regni novitas me talia cogunt Moliri."

"Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign, compel me to such measures."

The whole assembly was struck with the propriety of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour. Some applauding the magnanimity of Swift, and all delighted with the ingenuity of his Excellency's answer.

When the tumult occasioned by the *Drapier's Letters* subsided,

subsided, Swift retired to a desolate part of the country, where he passed some months in finishing and preparing his *Gulliver's Travels*. He was now so much at ease, that in the spring of 1726, he revisited England, after an absence of twelve years, and assisted his friend Pope in the collection of three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which met with a very favourable reception. It appears from a passage in one of his letters to Dr. Sheridan, that upon this visit his friends expressed the warmest wishes for his quitting Ireland, and settling among them in England; and several plans were proposed to accomplish the point. At length they procured him an eligible situation, within twelve miles of London, but he declined the offer, alledging that he was too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle him in his freedoms and liberalities. He had likewise an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke, to pass the winter with him in France; but this he was prevented from accepting by receiving an account from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnson was dangerously ill. He therefore hastened over, conceiving that his presence might happily tend to effect her restoration. It happened however, that Mrs. Johnson at his arrival was in a fair way of recovery, which afforded him a pleasing prospect of the longer continuance of a life he held so dear.

In August 1727 Swift returned to England, and soon after appeared his *Gulliver's Travels*, a production so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was read by all ranks of people, high and low, learned and illiterate, and the demand for it was immense. Johnson says, "Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in seeming defiance of truth and regularity." The Doctor adds, "that when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave least pleasure was that which describes the *Flying Island*, and that which afforded most ground for censure, was the *History of the Houynhnims*. The author incurred the charge of misanthropy from the picture he
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has drawn of the *Yaboo*s. But the ground of this censure is minutely examined, and the character of the author vindicated with great judgment and ingenuity, by Mr. Sheridan.

While Swift was enjoying the reputation of his new work, and was once more preparing to set out for France, news arrived of the King's death. He had attended Queen Caroline, when she was Princess of Wales, and been treated by her with some marks of distinction, so that the third day after the accession of George II. he went to Court, and kissed their Majesties hands upon that auspicious event. He had also gained the confidence of Mrs. Howard, the Queen's favourite, and was noticed by Walpole, to whom it is intimated by Lord Chesterfield, he offered the service of his pen, and that service was rejected; but the authenticity of this report is much suspected. Mr. Sheridan indeed asserts the contrary. As a total change of measures, was now expected to take place, more flattering prospects were opened to Swift than any he could have in view during the late reign; and as the tory-party, upon the breach between the late King and Prince, were well received at the court of the latter, it was expected they would no longer be proscribed as formerly. In the midst of the bustle that took place on the change of ministry that was apprehended, Swift seems to have had by no means the same sanguine expectations that many of his friends entertained; for he says, in a letter addressed to Dr. Sheridan, "Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them."

Whatever may have been his expectations, he was soon obliged to alter his measures; for being attacked with his old disorder, and at the same time receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Mrs. Johnson had relapsed, with little hopes of recovery, he set out for that kingdom on the first abatement of his illness; having previous to his departure taken leave of the Queen, in

a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, apologizing for not doing it in person.

Swift returned to a home of sorrow, he found poor Stella sinking into the grave, and, after having languished about two months, she expired on the 28th of January, 1728, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the Dean with such excess of affection and esteem, as the keenest sensibility only could feel, and the most excellent character excite.

He was deprived, as he himself expresses it, of the truest and most valuable friend that he, or perhaps any other person was ever blest with; she had been trained by him from her childhood, and had been his companion for five and thirty years, during which time she had shewn him every possible attention.

From the time of the death of Stella, his life became much more retired, and the austerity of his temper naturally increased. He could not join in the social cheerfulness of his public days, or bear such an intrusion upon his melancholy, as the cheerfulness of others. These entertainments therefore were discontinued, and he sometimes avoided the company of his most intimate friends, yet in this forlorn situation, he continued his attention to the public, and wrote, from time to time, such directions, admonitions, and censures, as the various exigencies of affairs in his opinion required.

To his writing he added an act of beneficence, that reflects much honour on his character. He set aside some hundreds, to be lent in small sums of five and ten pounds to distressed and industrious mechanics, to be repaid weekly, at 2s. or 4s. without interest, and this was attended with great benefit to the lower class of people.

In 1733, when an attempt was made by the Dissenters to repeal the Test-Act in Ireland, he wrote a Copy of Verses, in which he so severely lampooned one of their partizans, that he publicly professed his resolution of a violent and corporeal revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the
Dean's

Dean's defence, and warded off the intended stroke of his adversary.

The fits of giddiness and deafness, to which he had long been subject, became more frequent, as well as more violent, as he advanced in years; and in 1736 while he was writing a Satire on the Irish parliament, which he called "*The Legion Club*", he was seized with one of these fits, the effects of which were so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished, and never after attempted any work of thought or labour. He published however one book which had been the production of his juvenile days; it was called *Polite Conversation*, and appeared in 1738. His *Directions for Servants* did not appear till after his death. These two productions evince an active mind, which, when not employed on important objects, can turn aside to the most minute occurrences; indeed the Dean was a strict observer, as well as rigid censor of men and manners.

From this time his memory gradually declined, and his passions perverted his understanding, raging without controul, and rendering him a torment to himself, and to all around him. He was precluded the entertainment which he might have derived from books, by a resolution he had taken, never to wear spectacles, and to which he obstinately adhered, and his giddiness prevented the employment of his mind in composition. In this situation his thoughts seem to have been confined to the contemplation of his own misery, which he felt to be great, and which in this world he knew to be hopeless.

In 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so much increased, that he was incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians over his person and fortune: early in 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. He would neither eat nor drink, while the servant who brought him his provisions was in the room; his meat was sent up ready cut, which he would

would eat, walking, for he continued his old habit of being on his feet ten hours a day. After this frenzy had continued several months, he had an inflammation in his left eye, and the lid appeared so discoloured that a mortification was expected to ensue, besides which, the pain attending the tumor was so acute, that he was with difficulty restrained by several persons who attended him, from tearing out his eye.

When the tumor decreased and the pain subsided, he had some intervals of reason, and recognized those who were about him, from which some hopes were entertained of his recovery : but this hope was but of short duration, for a few days afterwards he sunk into a state of total insensibility, till death put a period to his existence, on the 29th of October, 1745, in the 78th year of his age. By his will, which is dated May, 1740, just before his reason declined, he left about 1200*l.* in specific legacies, and the residue of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000*l.* to erect and endow an Hospital in Dublin, for idiots, and lunatics. He was buried in the most private manner, according to directions in his will, in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where, as a monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, inscribed with an epitaph, written by himself.

Lord Orrery, who was a great Philosopher, comments with singular energy on the manner of Swift's Death, which was easy and without the least pang or convulsion. He remarks, " that a man in full possession of his reason would have wished for such a kind of dissolution ; but Swift was totally insensible of happiness, or pain : he had not even the power or expression of a child, appearing for some years before his death, reserved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverse that fine description of human nature, which is given us by *Shakespeare* in an inimitable manner. " What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ; in apprehension, how like a god ; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

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Thus Poets paint ; but how vain and perishable is the picture ; the smallest thunderbolt from heaven blasts it in a moment ; and every tint is so obliterated, that scarce the outline of the figure remains.

From our account, of the life of this extraordinary person, a general judgment may be formed of his character and writings ; but as a farther illustration of them, we think it necessary to subjoin the following particulars.

Swift in his person, was robust and masculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. There was a natural severity in his aspect, which even his smiles could scarce soften, nor his utmost gaiety relax. His capacity and strength of mind, were equal to any task whatever. His manner was without ceremony, but not rustic, for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes of politeness, which he practised in a manner peculiar to himself ; and the respect that was due to him by these rules, he took care to exact without abatement. His pride, his spirit, or ambition, by whatever name it may be called, was boundless, insomuch that he could not endure to be treated with any degree of familiarity, or that any man living, (three or four persons in England only excepted,) should rank himself in the number of his friends. Indeed it may justly be supposed, that there was in his conversation what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the Great, an ambition of momentary equality, sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established, as the barriers between one order of society and another.

Dr. Johnson observes, and not without foundation, that “ he predominated over his companions with a very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none, over whom he could not predominate. On all common occasions he affected a style of hauteur, and seemed to dictate rather than persuade. This authoritative language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity ; but he apparently flattered his own pride
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by an assumed predomination, in which he was ironical only to the resentful, but to the submissive sufficiently serious." In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured, if the licentiousness of his raillery, or the petulance of his frolicks was resented or repressed.

To his servants he appeared to be churlish and austere, though he was disposed to do them good on important occasions, and such was his regard to fidelity and diligence, that to perpetuate the memory of an old and faithful servant, whom he called SAUNDERS, he buried him in the south aisle of his Cathedral, and erected a small piece of statuary to his memory, in token of his discretion, fidelity and diligence in his humble station.

As a member of civil society he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the scourge of oppression. Lord Orrery speaks of Swift's political tenets in the following concise but expressive terms. "Swift's principles of government seem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim. *Salus populi suprema est lex*. He begins by clearing himself from Jacobitism. He speaks of the revolution as a necessary but dangerous expedient, which has been since attended with unavoidable bad consequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to standing armies in time of peace. He adores the wisdom of that institution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the monied interest, and expresses a noble abhorrence to the suspension of those laws upon which the liberty of the subject depends. When these articles of his political tenets are examined they will leave no room for any one particular party to assume the honour of having had him in their alliance." His Lordship concludes his remarks with this inference. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican; He was DOCTOR SWIFT.

In his private capacity, though frugal, he was charitable, and if misanthropy is attributed to him from the severity of his writings, he does not appear to have had any in his actions. His abilities rendered him superior

perior to envy, and he was undisguised and perfectly sincere.

As an ecclesiastic he was scrupulously exact in the exercise of his functions. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy, and of his choir he was particularly careful, for though he neither loved nor understood music, he took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges. He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching, but complained from the time of his political controversies, "he could only preach pamphlets." This censure of himself, if judgment may be formed from his sermons which have been published, was unreasonably severe. His aversion to hypocrisy carried him to extremes, insomuch that instead of wishing to seem better, he affected to appear worse than what he was; and Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has condemned this part of his character; but it should be remembered that his cast of mind induced him to think and speak more of politics than of religion.

He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and assiduity, and would spend much time in correcting and improving any literary composition that had the least appearance of ingenuity. Nor was this kindness confined to those whose abilities could never come into competition with his own. He gave many hints to Gay, which he followed with great success, and he recommended Congreve, Addison, Parnell and others, to those whose favor was most likely to render them conspicuous.

Lord Orrery, on the character of Dean Swift, makes the following significant remarks.

"Few characters have afforded so great a variety of faults and beauties as that of Dean Swift; few men have been more known and admired, or more envied and censured than Dean Swift. From the gifts of nature he had great power, and from the imperfections of humanity he had many failings. I always, says his Lordship, considered

sidered him as an “*abstract and brief chronicle of the times*,” no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the highest and in the lowest scenes of life. His friends and correspondents were the greatest and most eminent men of the age ; the sages of antiquity were the companions of his closet : and although he industriously avoided an ostentation of learning, and generally chose to draw his materials from his own store, yet his knowledge in the ancient authors, appears from the strength of his sentiments and the classic correctness of his style.”

Dr. Delany observes, “ That the character of his friend Swift’s life will appear to be like that of his writings ; they will both bear to be re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and always discover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes, and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy, interposes to cloud or sully his fame, I will take upon me (concludes the Doctor) to pronounce, that the eclipse will not last long.”

To form an estimate of the literary abilities of Dean Swift, it will be necessary to advert to the effects of his writings. As an advocate for the tories in the reign of Queen Anne, he turned the tide of popular prejudice against the whigs, and such was the force of his strictures in several of the pamphlets he published at that time ; that he might be said to have taken the lead in the politics of the day.

In the reign of George I. he exerted his talents in delivering his native country from the oppression under which it groaned, and verified unequivocally what he said of himself, that Ireland *was his debtor*. To him the Irish were bound for the extension of their commerce, and accumulation of wealth. He taught them to know their own importance, and stimulated them to make vigorous exertions in claiming those rights which they at length established.

Dr. Johnson, in speaking of his prosaic writings says, that “they possess an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he had in his works no metaphor, as some have said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to have been introduced rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not just, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found, and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated nor contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complications of his clauses, any inconsequences in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions. His style is well suited to his thoughts. He pays no court to the passions, he excites neither surprise nor admiration, he always understands himself, and his reader always understands him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge, it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things. It was Swift’s desire to attain an easy conveyance of his meaning, and for having attained it, he deserves much praise.”

Dr. Johnson from prejudices, peculiar to himself, denies that merit to the *Tale of a Tub*, which he liberally attributes to many of Swift’s other prosaic productions: but Lord Orrery on the contrary says, “that though it was one of his earliest performances it has never been excelled in wit and spirit by his own or any other pen. The censures that are passed upon it, the noble Lord observes, are various. The most material are such as reflect upon Dr. Swift, in the character of a Clergyman and a Christian.

It has been one of the misfortunes attending Christianity, that many of her sons, from a mistaken filial piety, have indulged themselves in too restrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder then, if a book, composed with all the force of wit and humour in derision of sacerdotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocrisy, and in contempt of phlegmatic stiffness, should
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be wilfully misconstrued by some persons, and ignorantly mistaken by others, as a sarcasm and reflection on the whole Christian Church? In the style of truth therefore (says (his Lordship) I must still look upon the *Tale of a Tub* as no intended insult against Christianity, but as a satire against the wild errors of the Church of Rome, the slow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans and the fanaticism and wild zeal of the Calvinists. In the character of PETER we see the Pope seated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of MARTIN we view LUTHER and the first reformers, and in the representation of JACK we see JOHN CALVIN and his disciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed against PETER and JACK. To MARTIN he shews all the indulgence the laws of allegory will permit."

"The actions of PETER are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light; and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome."

Lord Orrery goes on to observe, that, "in the character of JACK, a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the cheerfulness of a smile. In their dictionary wit is only another name for wickedness, and the purer and more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the *abomination*. However wide therefore the difference of PETER and JACK might have been in fashioning their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflections on his character, they had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him."

"The criticisms of the Martinists (whom we may suppose the members of the Church of England,) continues his Lordship, were, it is to be hoped, more candid, for Martin is treated with a much less degree of sarcasm than the other two brothers."

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“The Church of England, (his Lordship adds,) can scarce be angry at the favourable account Swift gives of *Luther*: especially as we have since reformed from *Luther* himself, and so far as our judgments can teach us, have restored our habits still nearer to the original fashion which they bore at the perfection of the *Testament*. The best, and what is more extraordinary, the most serious apology that can be made for the author, is written by himself, and is dated June 3, 1709. In this apology, Dr. Swift candidly acknowledges, that “there are several youthful follies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke;” and further adds, that “He will forfeit his life, if any opinion can be deduced from the book, which is contrary to religion or morality.”

The Dedication to *Prince Posterity* abounds with genuine satire, and the *Digressions* are written with great point and humour, conveying the keenest sarcasms on incompetent critics, and the whole fraternity of Grub-street scribblers. The Introduction partakes of the merit of the work itself; but Lord Orrery, to the honour of his candour and liberality, observes, “that the author never loses the least opportunity of venting his keenest satire against *Dryden*, and consequently loads with insult the greatest, although the least prosperous of our English Poets.” “I am willing, (says the noble Earl,) to imagine that *Dryden* in some manner or other had offended my friend Swift, who otherwise I hope would have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppressed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion.” Dr. Johnson says, that Swift had written some Pindaric Odes, which were not the most successful of his compositions, and that *Dryden*, having perused some of the verses, said “Cousin Swift you will never be a poet,” and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift’s perpetual malevolence to *Dryden*. Though in the *Tale of a Tub* some personal animosities, and some levities, rather inconsistent with the character of a Clergyman may appear; upon the whole it possesses an infinity of point and humour, adapted to expose pedantry

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and affectation, and consign unhallowed zeal and an anti christian spirit to the contempt and derision they justly deserve.

The Battle of the Books was written as a testimony of the author's regard for his great and learned Sir William Temple, who is the hero of the piece. There had been a controversy between Sir William, and Mr. Wootton, an eminent literary character of that day, and as they both stood high in the republic of letters, the controversy made much noise, and employed many persons on both side the question. *The Battle of the Books*, which abounds with humour, is drawn up in an heroic comic style. The heroes ancient and modern are marshalled. The chief generals of the latter are Wootton and Bentley. Their figures are displayed in the most awkward attitudes. The former is described "full of spleen, dulness, and ill manners." The latter is represented tall, without shape or comeliness, and large without strength or proportion. The contest is maintained for some time with great ardour, till at length the moderns are compelled to yield to the superior skill and prowess of the ancients; and the author, after displaying much spirit, much wit, and making many pertinent allusions to the controversy subsisting between the two literary combatants, gives the victory to his patron Sir William Temple.

Lord Orrery comments on this extraordinary production with equal candour and justice. He says that "the name of VIRGIL is introduced in it only for an opportunity of comparing his translator, DRYDEN, to *the Lady in a lobster: to a mouse under a canopy of state: and to a shrivelled beau, with the penthouse of a full bottomed perriwig.* These similies carry the true stamp of ridicule, but rancour, (adds his Lordship,) must be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of DRYDEN; in many of whose dedications and prefaces are as fine compositions, and as just pieces of criticism as any in our language."

The Fragment, or a Discourse concerning the Mechanical

cal Operations of the Spirit is pointed against the prevalence of fanaticism, and the wild sallies of enthusiastic and ill founded zeal, which propel fanatic devotees to express their devotion by vociferous exclamations; solemn sobbing, and nasal whining, accompanied with the most ridiculous distortion of features, and the most antic of gestures. Those who assume this guise to veil their vices, and practise fraud under a covert of sanctity, are just objects of satire, insomuch as they are more dangerous to society than the openly reprobate, whose characters naturally induce suspicion, while the others are suffered to prey upon mankind, upon the credit of an external profession.

The last of the prosaic works of Swift, to which we shall advert is “The Travels of Lemuel Gulliver into several remote Nations of the World,” on which Lord Orrery makes the following remarks and observations.

“These voyages are intended as a moral political romance, in which Swift seems to have exerted the strongest efforts of a fine irregular genius. To correct vice, by shewing its deformity in opposition to the beauty of virtue, and to amend the false systems of philosophy by pointing out the errors, and applying salutary means to avoid them, is a noble design. This was the general intent, I would fain flatter myself, of my hieroglyphic friend. Gulliver’s travels are chiefly to be looked upon as an irregular essay of Swift’s peculiar wit and humour. The inhabitants of Lilliput are represented as if reflected from a convex mirror, by which every object is reduced to a despicable minuteness. The inhabitants of Brobdingnag, by a contrary mirror, are enlarged to an enormous magnitude. In Lilliput we behold a set of puny insects, or animalcules in human shape, ridiculously engaged in affairs of importance. In Brobdingnag the monsters of stupendous size are employed in trifles.

“In his description of Lilliput he seems to have had England more immediately in view. In his description of Blefuscu he seems to intend the kingdom and people of

of France. In the sixth chapter of his voyage to Brobdingnag he gives an account of the political state of Europe, and his observations are delivered with his usual spirit of humour and severity. Several just strokes of satire are scattered up and down upon errors in the conduct of our government. In some parts Gulliver seems to have had particular incidents, if not particular persons in his view. His observations on education are useful, and so are his improvements on the institutions of Lycurgus. And Gulliver's escape from Brobdingnag is humourous, satirical and pleasing."

However wild the description of the *Flying Island*, and the manners and various projects of the philosophers of Lagado, in the third part, may appear, yet it is a real picture, embellished with much latent wit and humour. It is a satire upon those astronomers and mathematicians, who have so entirely dedicated their time to the planets that they have been careless of their family and country, and have been chiefly anxious about the economy and welfare of the upper worlds, to the total neglect of the lower, which is their immediate sphere of action."

"The project of a more easy and expeditious method of writing a treatise on any science, by a wooden engine, is entertainingly satirical. The sixth chapter is full of severity and satire. Sometimes it is exerted against the legislative power; sometimes against particular politicians, and sometimes against women."

"The description of the *Struldbruggs*, in the tenth chapter, is an instructive piece of morality; for if we consider it in a serious light, it tends to reconcile us to our final dissolution. Death, when set in contrast to the immortality of the *Struldbruggs*, is no longer the King of Terrors; he loses his sting: he appears to us a friend; and we cheerfully obey his summons, because it brings us certain relief to the greatest miseries."

Upon a general view of this whimsical and most extraordinary production, it appears to add to other incontrovertible

testible proofs of the singularity and originality of the genius of the author.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that “there is not much in the poetical works of Dr. Swift upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humourous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are for the most part what the author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression or a redundant epithet. All his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of *proper words in proper places.*”

Another critic in the writings of Swift observes “that his merits in the character of a Poet are considerable. His descriptions, wherein there constantly appears the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painters’ imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaste and delicate, and in places when, rather by accident than choice, he rises from earth and soars into the regions of poetry, he is little inferior to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans. His ideas are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous. There are but few of his Poems that seem to have been the labour of more than one day; how greatly soever they might have been corrected and polished afterwards to his own liking, before he transcribed them fair.

Lord Orrery confirms the foregoing remarks, in observing, that Swift had the nicest ear, was remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry; though it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen. Upon a general view of his poetry we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising and heteroclete genius, luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humourous in his descriptions, and poignant in his satires.”

His companions and humble followers find themselves
immortalised

immortalised by the insertion of their names in his addresses to Stella, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, though not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style; there will be found a real dignity, and most delicate kind of wit, in all his Poems to those friends.

The two Poems, entitled, *The Life and genuine Character of Dr. Swift*; and *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, are Poems of great wit and humour. That on the Death of Dr. Swift is a most poignant piece of sarcasm; not any of the Dean's Poems have more wit, nor any of them more severity; in it he has summoned together his whole powers of satire and poetry; and combined together they have an admirable effect.

One of the most distinguished characters of Dr. Swift, was a bright and clear genius, so extremely piercing that the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject, quickly occurred to his imagination, and these he frequently accumulated in such a manner that he deserves, in this particular, to be universally admired; and his choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this kind are—*The Furniture of a Woman's Mind—Betty the Grisette—The Journal of a Modern Lady—His Poem on Reading Dr. Young's Satire—Mordante—The Description of a City Shower—The Description of Quilca—and, The Description of the Morning.*

This power of the mind gave him also that desperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of characters, which is abundantly exemplified in, *The Second Part of Traulus—The Progress of Love—The Character of Corinna—and the beautiful young Nymph just going to Bed—*From the same inexhaustible fund of wit he acquired the historic arts, both of designing and colouring, either in groups or in single portraits. How exact, how lively and spirited is that group of figures in *The Journal*

Journal of a Modern Lady; and, for a single portrait if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery or the colouring, what is there that can excel the representation of Cassimis, in the *Tragical Elogy*.

Throughout all Swifts' poetical writings, although many of them are dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there can hardly be found a distich addressed in the character of a lover to any one person. Those verses upon women which are deemed the most satirical were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at the age of threescore as at five and twenty: and it has been remarked, that the most exceptionable of his Poems in that line have produced some very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was no doubt the ultimate design of his writing, *The Lady's Dressing room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be somewhat liable to censure on account of their severity.

Among the admirers of Swift many have compared him to Horace, and particularly Lord Orrery, who says that, had Swift lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet; and if we may make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in the several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both Poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour; each displays a peculiar felicity in diction; and each was the delight and admiration of the principal persons of his age. To have lived with the great was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate, both were frugal. Horace had his Lydia; Swift had his Vanessa: Horace had his patrons, Mæcenæ and Agrippa; Swift had his patrons, Oxford and Bolingbroke: Horace had his literary friend, Virgil; Swift had his literary friend, Pope.

Upon the whole, it appears surprising, that Swift should

should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make some of his most partial admirers not only prefer him to most of the poets of these latter centuries, but compare him to Horace, that immortal genius of the Augustan age.

END OF THE LIFE OF SWIFT.



AN
A P O L O G Y

FOR THE
A U T H O R.

IF good and ill-nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this apology: for it is manifest, by the reception the following discourse hath met with, that those who approve it are a great majority among the men of taste. Yet there have been two or three Treatises written expressly against it, besides many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember; except by the polite author of a late Discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language and our taste, admits no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished above thirteen years since, 1696; which is eight

years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could: I say, real ones; because, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous height some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the discourse. Those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman, much in the world; and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself: therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious,
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the stupid, and the tasteless ; which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful fallies, which, from the grave and the wise, may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty ; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those who have neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which he will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner, since that is the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading ? Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the Church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine ; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the Clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi desuit hostis ;*
I mean,

I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputation, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes ; who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion ; in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instances of what I have too frequently observed, that many of the Reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom, out of respect, he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described ; whose errors, ignorance, dulness, and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and exposed, in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be infected by them, would soon lay them aside, and be ashamed. But he has now given over those thoughts ;

thoughts ; since the *weightiest* men * in the *weightiest* stations are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends : yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book † to have been the work of the same hand with this ; which the author affirms to be a thorough mistake, he having yet never so much as read that discourse : A plain instance how little truth there is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains ; especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be

* Alluding to Dr. Sharp, the Archbishop of York's representation of the Author.

† Letter of Enthusiam, supposed to have been written by Colonel Hunter.—See Swift's Letter to him.

ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet, surely, the corruptions may; for we are taught, by the tritest maxim in the world, that religion, being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance; it is in the 60th page. Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are here levelled at; who, having spent their lives in faction, and apostasies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and sufferings; thanks God, that he "possesses his soul in patience." In other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style: and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application. But this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn, by great force, to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to
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all which, the author solemnly protests, he is entirely innocent, and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design; the abuses he notes being such as all Church of England-men agree in: nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines, mentioned in the introduction: In the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those, who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that, I suppose, they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three; from whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers; a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole

whole book ; which the men of taste will observe, and distinguish, and which will render some objections, that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against this ensuing discourse ; which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books, which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer ; but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Eachard wrote his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of those answers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive, by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece. So we still read Marvel's Answer to Parker * with pleasure, tho'

* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many Treatises against the Dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says Burnet, that enraged them beyond measure, for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvel, under Secretary to Milton, in a little book, called the Rehearsal Transposed.

the book it answers be sunk long ago ; so the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be fought nor found*. But these are no enterprizes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider that to answer a book effectually, requires more pains or skill, more wit, learning and judgment, than were employed in the writing it ; and the author assures those Gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years ; that he often blotted out much more than he left ; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections. And do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouth may be that discharge them ? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person, † who, upon some occasions,

* Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.

† Supposed to be Doctor William King, the Civilian, author of an Account of Denmark, a Dissertation on Samplers, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and

hath discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasions should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons, obvious enough, for his miscarriage in this ; he wrote against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his subject I have now forgot ; having just looked it over when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title*.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective and half annotation, † in the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the pro- and the Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, &c.

* This we cannot recover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten ; the oldest Booksellers in trade remember nothing of it.

† Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. From the Annotations are selected the Notes, signed W. Wotton. Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work which he laboured to condemn, and gave force to a satyr pointed against himself, as captives were bound to the chariot wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

ject at that time was not amiss, to draw in readers to his pamphlet: several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unjustifiable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally revered for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person. It was observed how he was pleased and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told, Sir W. T. was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms, through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt; by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew to be Porfenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his Lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist,

gonist*, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that Discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that for the greater part the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will, he is sure, into that of any reader of taste and candour. He allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his

* Bentley concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity, at least, mixed with the design of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a very tender point, who insists upon it, that, through the whole book, he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances, to prove this author's wit is not his own, in many places. The first is, That the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham. Whatever wit is contained in these three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes; that of Jack not being quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to shew the author's wit is not his own is, Peter's banter, (as he calls it, in his Al-

fatia phrase) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen, about ten years after this book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself: for he allows the tale was written in 1697; and I think the pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory, as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without enquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find there is not the least resemblance between the two stories.

The third instance is in these words:—"I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, intitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable:—"I have been assured," and, "if I misremember not."—I desire first to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a Plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and

not for a passage, but a whole discourse taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random—that, if there be a word of truth in this reflexion, he is a poultry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such Treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is not his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly

manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world, in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit ; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those, who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the Tale of a Tub ; wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of some service to the public, and has given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages. But it is the frequent error of those men, (otherwise very commendable for their labours), to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults ; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby*, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse. But *optat ephippia bos piger* ; the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horse ; not considering he was

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of School-boys.

born to labour, to plow the ground for the sake of superior beings; and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country. To which can be only returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are at best too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserve it. A man, who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over, with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware

aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth; only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless; the author not being at all prepared. But he has been told, the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he should have made several corrections of passages against which nothing hath been ever objected. He should likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book, there is a discourse called, A Fragment; which he more wondered to see in print than all the rest; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a Gentleman who had designed a discourse of somewhat the same subject: he never thought of it afterwards; and it was a sufficient surprise to see it
[pieced

pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended; for it was the groundwork of a much larger discourse, and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a prophane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imaginethem swearing without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there are many remarkable instances in different parts of this work, and perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookseller, for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it. But it seems the bookseller will not hear of

of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this Apology, without making this one reflexion, That, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable ; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible ; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White-Fryars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants ; by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But if this bantering, as they call it, be so despicable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards it themselves ? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned ; it is grievous to see him in some of his writings at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of " a cow that pricked up her tail ;" and in his answer to this discourse, he says, " it is all a farce and a ladle ;" with other passages equally shining. One
may

may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark: which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement, either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen, to write some explanatory notes*, for the goodness of which he is not to answer; having never seen any of them, nor intends it, till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

* *N. B.* The notes inclosed thus [], were in the editions printed before the publication of this apology.

C

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T C R I P T.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago ; a prostitute bookseller hath published a foolish paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale of a Tub*, with some account of the author ; and with an insolence, which, I suppose is punishable by law, hath presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is intirely of one hand ; which every reader of judgment will easily discover. The Gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *Desiderata*. But if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth, and tell his name and titles ; upon which the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next Edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN LORD SOMERS.

MY LORD,

THOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption, to inscribe these papers to your Lordship, and to implore your Lordship's protection of them. God, and your Lordship, know their faults and their merits: for as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book at all the worse upon that score. Your Lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition. Neither would I desire any other help to grow an Alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your Lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that

I mean myself. And I was just going on in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract, to be applied to your Lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters, the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for ought I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to translate out of that language.) I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who Englished it thus, "Let it be given to the worthiest." And his comment was that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and at the same time he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis, towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess. Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your Lordship and themselves. Now, your Lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for, I have somewhere heard, it

is a maxim, That those, to whom every body allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the stile and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid, to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves. Therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loss: but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers; and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your Lordship.

I expected indeed to have heard of your Lordship's bravery, at the head of an army: of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or

to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or your profound knowledge in Algebra, Metaphysics, and the Oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all the scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it: because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your friends, your * enemies have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your Lordship's virtues should be lost to after ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late† reign: and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that as dedications have run for

* In 1701 Lord Somers was impeached by the Commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reasons, delayed coming to a trial, and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

† K. William whose memory he defended in the House of Lords against some invidious reflections of the E. of Nottingham.

some

some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither, in search of characters.

There is one point wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patron's liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though, perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangues,* and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is, with all respect and veneration,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most faithful servant,

The Bookseller.

* Sir John Somers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals, in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Evesham, in April 1697.



T H E

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written. For the author tells us, in his Preface to the first Treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697; and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.*

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction. However, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person since dead, and being never in possession of it after. So that whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, Why I published them no sooner? I forbore upon two accounts: First, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and, secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But, I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy†, which a certain great wit had

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704.

† See the Apology.

now polished and refined; or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixotte, Boccacini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.



THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE POSTERITY.

S I R,

I Here present your Highness with the fruits of a very few leisure-hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this; the poor production of that refuse of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which and other reasons, it cannot chuse extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your Highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all Princes. For although your Highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and

The citation out of Irenæus in the title-page, which seems to be all gibberish, is a form of initiation used anciently by the Marcasian heretics. W. Wotton.

It is the usual style of decried writers, to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a Prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor; and the author begins, in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be ashamed of.

most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than your's. But, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your Highness is committed, has resolved, as I am told, to keep you in almost an universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your Highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your Highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom I know, by long experience, he has professed and still continues a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when your Highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your Governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs,) by asking your Highness, Where they are? and What is become of them?

and

and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? Are they sunk in the abyfs of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to deprefs them to the centre. Is their very effence destroyed? Who has annihilated them? Were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? Who administered them to the posteriors of——? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your Highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him; be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness of his nails and teeth; consider his baneful abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. Oh that you Highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *Maitre du palais** of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page* †.

It were endless to recount the several methods of ty-

* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of Kings, which they call *les roys faineaus* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments while the kingdom was administered by the *Mayor de palais*, till *Charles Martel* the last Mayor put his master to death, and took his kingdom into his own hand.

† Out of guardianship.

ranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of. Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their mother-tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die: some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb: great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your Highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred thirty six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your Highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess immortality to be a great and powerful goddess: but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your Highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparallelled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers of any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and delude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your Highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and book-fellers: but I enquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found: and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, devoid of all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs; and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your Highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your Highness that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an ass, a third to the westward with claws like a dragon; and your Highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain they would be all changed in figure and position; new ones would arise; and all we could agree upon, would be,

that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question, What is then become of those immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your Highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lanthorn. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your Highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant. However, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for ought I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller, if lawfully required, can still produce authentic copies; and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Dursey, a poet of a vast comprehension,
an

an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person stiled Dr. B—nt—y, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller*. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Father, I avow to your Highness, that with these eyes, I have beheld the person of William W—tt—n, B. D. who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor † (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate, to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume, with the just eulogies of my cotemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation. Their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understandings, in miniature.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present your Highness with a faithful abstract drawn from the

* Bentley in his controversy with Lord Orrery upon the generosity of Phalaris's epistles has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS.

† Sir William Temple.

universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but your Highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young Princes have already done by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies*.

That your Highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your Royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

December,
1697.

Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

* There are innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France.



THE PREFACE.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems, the Grandees of Church and State begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these Gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects, for taking off the force and edge of those formidable enquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time, as well as cost, to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution: it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand Committee, some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer; that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub, by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately

immediately mythologized. The whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan; which tosses and plays with all other schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the Leviathan from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger, is easily understood to be its old antitype the commonwealth. But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long enquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved: and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these Leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, (which of itself is too apt to fluctuate,) they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise; which I hope will serve for an interim of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work, into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them.

The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader

reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is first a large pederastic school, with French and Italian masters: there is also the spelling school, a very spacious building; the school of looking-glasses; the school of swearing; the school of critics; the school of salivation; the school of hobby-horses; the school of poetry; the school of tops*; the school of spleen; the school of gaming; with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted a member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient person's hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a Preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the moderns, who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke, to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient. This was † *insigne, re-*

• This, I think, the author should have omitted, it being of the very same nature with the school of hobby-horses; if one may venture to censure one who is so severe a censor of others, perhaps with too little distinction.

[† Hor.]

gens,

cens, indictum ore alio *. When I went through that necessary and noble course of study, † I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches; which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting; because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What d'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning; any of which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilated. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus; out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this Mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-garden; and such a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me, to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver, in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene; yet I must need subscribe to the justice of this proceeding; because I cannot imagine why we should be at expence to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for our's: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accom-

* Something extraordinary new, and never hit upon before.

† Reading prefaces, &c.

plished person, who has got into the taste of wit, calculated for this present month of August 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime throughout this treatise, I hold it fit to lay down this general maxim. Whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and strict correspondence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all moderns, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a Preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning

cerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down, as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus,

“ For a man to set up for a writer, when the press
“ swarms with, &c.”

Another :

“ The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of
“ scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another :

“ When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand,
“ it is in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another :

“ To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.”

Another :

“ Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands,
“ that I venture into the public : for who, upon a less
“ consideration, would be of a party with such a rabble
“ of scribblers ? &c.”

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation ; having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding ; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which I shall tell the reader a short tale.

“ A mountebank in Leicester-fields had drawn a huge
“ assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy
“ fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit
“ crying

“ crying out,—Lord, what a filthy croud is here ! Pray,
 “ good people give way a little. Bless me ! what a de-
 “ vil has raked this rabble together ! Z——ds, what
 “ squeezing is this ! Honest friend, remove your elbow.”
 —At last, a weaver, that stood next him, could
 hold no longer.—“ A plague confound you (said he)
 “ for an overgrown sloven ; and who, (in the devil’s
 “ name), I wonder, helps to make up the croud half
 “ so much as yourself ? Don’t you consider, (with a
 “ pox), that you take up more room with that carcass
 “ than any five here ? Is not the place as free for us as
 “ for you ? Bring your own guts to a reasonable com-
 “ pass, (and be d—n’d) ; and then I’ll engage we shall
 “ have room enough for us all.”

There are certain common privileges of a writer ; the
 benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt ;
 particularly, that, where I am not understood, it shall
 be concluded, that something very useful and profound
 is couched underneath ; and again, that whatever word
 or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be
 judged to contain something extraordinary, either of wit
 or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of prais-
 ing myself upon some occasions or none, I am sure it
 will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be
 allowed sufficient authority : For it is here to be noted,
 that praise was originally a pension paid by the world :
 but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great
 in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple ;
 since which time the right of presentation is wholly in
 ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author
 makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare

and insist upon his title ; which is commonly in these or the like words, I speak without vanity : which, I think, plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied ; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed ; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline : First, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction : for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers : for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables ; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured
by

by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound. May it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness or that of their party be no discouragement for the authors to proceed : but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those, whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach ; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, Nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain ; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of any thing new ; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island : whereas there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those

who are dealers in that kind: but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural. For, the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted: for, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions: so all the virtues, that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all pork*, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But, though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest, who have no share in the blessing. But satire, being levelled at all, is never repented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between

[* Plutarch.]

Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth*, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes. But, on the other side, the least reflecting word, let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas, in England, it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with *Astræa*;" with any other common-places equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis* †. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else! against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of court chapel; and in a city pulpit be as fierce as you please, against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. It is but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket

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[* *Vid. Xenoph.*][† *Hor. Spleen.*]

racket about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest; how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts, but for wenches and play; how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate; how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus (*), loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench; or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose: whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation, and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire! On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been for some years preparing materials towards a panegyric upon the world; to which I intended to add a second part intitled, A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but, finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have

* Juno and Venus are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time; but I cannot fix the person intended here.

chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design, by a certain domestic misfortune : in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this Preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule, ought to be large, in proportion as the subsequent volume is small ; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch ; and, having duly prepared his mind by a Preliminary Discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.



Treatises wrote by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the Present set of *Wits* in this Island.

A Panegyric Essay upon the Number **THREE**.

A Dissertation upon the Principal Productions of *Grub-street*.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, *Histori-theo-physiologically* considered.

A General History of *Ears*.

A Modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of *Absurdities*.

A Voyage into *England*, by a Person of Quality in *Terra Australis Incognita*, translated from the original.

A Critical Essay upon the Art of *Canting*, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

A TALE OF A TUB.

SECTION I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, That over their heads there is room enough ; but how to reach it, is the difficult point ; it being as hard to get quit of numbers, as of hell.

—————*Evadere ad auras*

Hoc opus, hic labor est *.

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages has been, by erecting certain edifices in the air. But, whatever practice and reputation these kinds of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket, to help contemplation ; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniencies. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on ; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors, being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers,

* But to return, and view the chearful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

thought

thought fit to erect three wooden machines, for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage-itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot however be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation, exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminence, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjunct subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution; and both to answer the etymology of the name, which, in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, The place of sleep; but in common acceptation, A seat, well bolstered and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant*: Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked, whilst others slept; so now they may sleep as long, whilst others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorical machines, it were sufficient, that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to such a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which hath most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is
now

now in the press, (and will be published next term), a Panegyrical Essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now the first of these oratorical machines, in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts. But I esteem only that made of timber, from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons, to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover; (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly where it is rightfully used): by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing. It is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world, in the early publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence; and whereof I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates: A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand!

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant *, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriiviis* †. It is the greatest seminary of the two

* That is the Mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to be the gallows or a conventicle.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.
former:

former: and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that, for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore (according to the system of Epicurus *) continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaden and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

*Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus †.*

Lucr. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation, That, in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself hath instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For,

* Lucret. lib. 2.

† 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body ever sound.

first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced ; that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be lead or gold), may fall plum into the jaws of certain critics (as I think they are called) which stand ready open to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies ; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region ; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombast and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all ; and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny-gallery ; and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now, this physico-logical scheme of oratorical receptacles, or machines, contains a great mystery ; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great-Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood ; and that upon two considerations : because it is the quality of rotten wood, to give light in the dark : and, secondly, because its cavities are full of worms ; which is a type with a pair of handles *, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

* The two principal qualifications of a Fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots, and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of faction, and of poetry ; to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction * ; because *

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*Hiatus in
MS.*

Of poetry ; because its orators do perorare with a song ; and because climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top ; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage-itinerant, are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man, such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Compleat Jesters, and the like : by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over time ; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this classis I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices ; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior up-start societies, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them, whom I mean. Nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of

* Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript ; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading ; or when he has no mind to enter on the subject ; or when it is a matter of little moment ; or perhaps to amuse his reader, (whereof he is frequently very fond) ; or, lastly. with some satirical intention.

Gresham,

Gresham*, and of Will's †, to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more-feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness, as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings, not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, (to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point), that they both are seminaries, not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our President, I humbly offer two answers. First, We say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair‡, including an impossibility in the practice: for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, We are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it shall be left to decide, which society, each book, treatise or pamphlet, does most properly belong to: This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present. For we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be intitled to our fraternity, but, by the revolted and new fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest

* Gresham College was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to Crane court in Fleet-Street.

† Will's Coffee-house was formerly the place where the poets usually met; which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgot, and want this explanation.

[‡ Viz. about moving the earth.]

part of our society hath already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject ; because we are extremely unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all ; desiring much rather that things be amicably composed. And we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots ; which, I think, from the present course of their studies*, they most properly may be said to be engaged in ; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received, next to the transitory state of all sublunary things, hath been, a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things. Whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. It is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat ; and whereof to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best. It is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg. But, then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you chuse with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the *Grubæan* sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables ; which, having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches

[* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.]

over-finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctance, because, it has been common to us with Pythagoras, *Ælop*, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much opportunity from my friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, besides their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have, darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members. He began with the history of Reynard the Fox*; but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt: which is very much to be lamented; because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received. Nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a compleat body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state-*arcana*. But the progress I have made, is much greater; having already finished my annotations upon several dozens: from some of which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of Tom

* The author seems here to be mistaken: for I have seen a Latin edition of Reynard the Fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original. For the rest, it has been thought by many people to contain some satirical design in it.

Thumb, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr. Faustus, penned by *Artephius*, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He published it in the nine hundred eighty fourth year of his age*. This writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via bumida*. And the marriage between Faustus and Helen, does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious *Rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi*; containing a defence of the *Gemara* † of the *Jerusalem Misna*, and its just preference to that of Babylon; contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther: This is the master-piece of a famous writer now living ‡, intended for a compleat abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Potts: Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The wise men of Gotham, *cum Appendice*: This is a treatise of immense erudition; being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and the ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author hath so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever hath been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than

* The chymists say of him in their books that he prolonged his life a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.

† The *Gemara* is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbies: and the *Misna* is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.

[‡ Viz. In the year 1698.]

repetition.

repetition. An abstract of this treatise hath been lately published, by a worthy member of our society*.

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea as well as a taste of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life †. This indeed is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and Meal-tubs‡, and exclusion-bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes; and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places, by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons; who (as it afterwards appeared) were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no further occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life, with a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards men.

But to return: I am assured from the reader's can-

* This I suppose to be understood of Mr. W—tt—n's Discourse of Ancient and Modern Learning.

† Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others; who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings.

‡ In King Charles II.'s time, there was an account of a Presbyterian plot found in a tub, which then made much noise,
dour,

dour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersions, grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance. That they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all compleat, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered that the chief title prefixed to it, (I mean, that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town), is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles*; having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed, it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers†; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example: but it seems, there is an unhappy expence usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and

[* The title page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles which the author here speaks of.]

† See Virgil translated, &c.

pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

S E C T. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife*, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus.

“ Sons, Because I have purchased no estate, nor was
 “ born to any, I have long considered of some good le-
 “ gacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care,
 “ as well as expence, have provided each of you (here
 “ they are) a new coat †. Now, you are to under-
 “ stand that these coats have two virtues contained in
 “ them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will
 “ last you fresh and sound as long as you live: the other
 “ is, that they will grow in the same proportion with
 “ your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves,
 “ so as to be always fit. Here, let me see them on you
 “ before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear
 “ them clean, and brush them often. You will find
 “ in my will ‡ (here it is) full instructions in every par-
 “ ticular concerning the wearing and management of
 “ your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid
 “ the penalties I have appointed for every transgression
 “ or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will en-

* By these three sons, Peter, Martin and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenters, are designed. W. Wotton.

† By his coats which he gave his sons, the garments of the Israelites. W. Wotton.

An error, with submission, of the learned commentator: for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of Christianity, by the wisdom of the Divine Founder fitted to all times, places, and circumstances. Lambin.

‡ The New Testament.

“ tirely

“tirely depend. I have also commanded in my will,
 “that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive,
 “and not otherwise.”

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went, altogether, to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchefs *d'Argent*, *Madame de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d'Orgueil**. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception, and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They wrote, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, ate at Locket's, loitered at Wills'; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with Lords they never saw; whispered a Duchefs, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundresses for billetdoux of quality; came ever just from

* Their mistresses are, the Duchefs *d'Argent*, *Mademoiselle de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d'Orgueil*, i. e. covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of Christianity. W. Wotton.

court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio*; got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffee-house; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount; and by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town. But all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened, a sect arose whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion *. They worshipped a sort of idol †, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men, by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar, erected about three foot. He was shewn in the posture of a Persian Emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is, that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating: to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whose

* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows

† By this idol is meant a taylor.

shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad, for being the delight and favourite of the *Ægyptian Cercopithecus* *. Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and the needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, hath not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamental. They held the universe to be a large suit of cloaths, which invests every thing: That the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat, faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature hath been, to trim up the vegetable beaux: observe how sparkish a perriwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself, but a micro-coat†; or rather a compleat suit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no dispute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order, towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes, worn out in the dirt; self-love a furtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipped down for the service of both?

* The *Ægyptians* worshipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.

† Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man hath been called by philosophers. These

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world call improperly suits of cloaths, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable properties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament—, coffee—, play—, bawdy houses? It is true indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of cloaths, or dresses, do according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor: if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a Judge; and so, an apt conjunction of lawn and black sattin, we intitle a Bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and the celestial suit; which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfution. This last they proved by scripture; because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unfavoury carcass. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner.

Embroidery was sheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable conversation; gold lace was repartee: a huge long periwig was humour; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery. All which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicateſſe* to manage with advantage, as well as a ſtrict obſervance after times and faſhions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this ſhort ſummary of a body of philoſophy and divinity; which ſeems to have been compoſed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other ſystems, either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or ſatisfy the reader's curioſity, but rather to give him light into ſeveral circumſtances of the following ſtory; that knowing the ſtate of diſpoſitions and opinions in an age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great events which were the iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the courteous reader, to peruſe, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And ſo leaving theſe broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my ſtory, and proceed.

Theſe opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three ladies they addreſſed themſelves to, (whom we have named already,) were ever at the very top of the faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of an hair. On the other ſide, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greateſt penalties annexed. Not to add to, or diminiſh from their coats, one thread, without a poſitive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, beſides, ſo neatly ſewn, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but, at the ſame time, very plain, and with little or no ornament*.

* The firſt part of the Tale is the hiſtory of Peter; there-
by



Drawn by R. Corbould. Engraved by C. Warren.

TALE OF A TUB.

Peter, John and Martin, examining their fathers will to justify their assuming the fashion of shoulder knots

Vide Section II. Page 71.

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And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots came up *: straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the quota of shoulder-knots. “That fellow (cries one) has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot?” Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play house, the door keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, I am first sculler; if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we sell no ale; if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with Pray send up your message. In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father’s will; read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? What temper should they find? Obedience was absolutely necessary; and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. “It is true (said he)

by Popery is exposed: every body knows the Papists have made great additions to Christianity; that indeed is the great exception which the Church of England makes against them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat. W. Wotton.

His description of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import: “The coats their father had left them, were of very good cloth; and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they had been all of a piece: but, at the same time, very plain, with little or no ornament.” This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion. *Christiana religio absoluta et simplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus’s description of it, who was himself a Heathen. W. Wotton.

* By this is understood the first introducing of pageantry, and unnecessary ornaments in the church, such as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a shoulder-knot, in which there is neither symmetry nor use.

“there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis**,
 “making mention of shoul-der-knots; but I dare con-
 “jecture we may find them inclusive, or *totidem syllabis*.”
 This distinction was immediately approved by all; and
 so they fell again to examine the will. But their evil
 star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was
 not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which dis-
 appointment, he who found the former evasion, took
 heart, and said, “Brothers, there is yet hopes; for
 “though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *toti-*
 “*dem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out
 “*tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*.” This discovery was
 also highly commended: upon which they fell once more
 to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, -
 D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose,
 had wonderfully contrived, that K was not to be found.
 Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing
 brother, (for whom we shall hereafter find a name,) now
 his hand was in, proved, by a very good argu-
 ment, that K was a modern illegitimate letter, un-
 known to the learned ages, nor any where to be found
 in ancient manuscripts. “It is true (said he) the word
 “*Calendæ* hath in *Q. V. C.*† ‡. been sometimes wrote
 “with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it is
 “ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a
 “gross mistake in our language, to spell knot with a
 “K; but that from henceforward he would take care
 “it should be written with a C.” Upon this, all farther
 difficulty vanished; shoul-der-knots were made clearly
 out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swag-
 gered with as large and as flanting ones as the best.

* When the Papists cannot find any thing which they want
 in Scripture, they go to oral tradition. Thus Peter is intro-
 duced satisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the let-
 ters of any word which he has occasion for, in the will; when
 neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole
 word, were there *in terminis*. W. Wotton.

[+ *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus.*]

‡ Some ancient manuscripts.

But

But as human happiness is of very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time; and we must now imagine them in their decline: for a certain Lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold-lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that month. In two days, all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold-lace*. Whoever durst peep abroad without his compliment of gold-lace, was as scandalous as a——, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already, in the affair of shoulder-knots. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold-lace seemed too considerable an alteration, without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiae adherere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis Dialectica*; and especially that wonderful piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself, like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. “Brothers, (said he,) “You are to be informed, that of wills, *duo sunt genera*, “nuncupatory and scriptory. That in the scriptory “will here before us, there is no precept or mention “about gold-lace, *conceditur*; but *si idem affirmetur de* “*nuncupatorio, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that “he heard my father’s man say, that he heard my father say, that he would advise his sons to get gold-lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure “money to buy it.” “By G— that is very true.” cries the other; “I remember it perfectly well,”

* I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

said the third. And so, without more ado, they got the largest gold-lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as Lords.

A while after, there came up, all in fashion, a pretty sort of flame-coloured sattin * for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen. “An’t please your Worships, (said he), My Lord C— and Sir J. W. † had linings out of this very piece last night. It takes wonderfully; and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten o’clock.” Upon this they fell again to rumage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept; the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father’s in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep‡. This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; and being resolved to

* This is purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to shew how scripture was perverted to prove it; which was done, by giving equal authority, with the canon, to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed.

It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brother’s dresses, refers to some particular error in the church of Rome; though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of flame-coloured sattin is manifestly intended purgatory; by gold-lace may perhaps be understood the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The shoulder-knots and silver fringe are not so obvious, at least to me. But the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

† This shews the time the author writ; it being about fourteen years since those two persons were reckoned the fine Gentlemen of the town.

‡ That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.

avoid

avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal, says he that was the scholar, “I remember to have
 “ read in wills, of a codicil annexed; which is indeed
 “ a part of the will; and what it contains, hath equal
 “ authority with the rest. Now, I have been consider-
 “ ing of this same will here before us; and I cannot
 “ reckon it to be compleat, for want of such a codicil.
 “ I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dex-
 “ terously. I have had it by me some time. It was
 “ written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather’s* ; and
 “ talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this
 “ very flame-coloured fatten.” The project was imme-
 diately approved by the other two; an old parchment
 scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a
 codicil annexed, and the fatten bought and worn.

Next winter, a player, hired for the purpose by the
 corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new
 comedy, all covered with silver-fringe † ; and, accord-
 ing to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion.
 Upon which, the brothers consulting their father’s will,
 to their great astonishment found these words: “Item,
 “ I charge and command my said three sons, to wear no
 “ sort of silver-fringe upon or about their said coats,
 “ &c.” with a penalty in case of disobedience, too long
 here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother
 so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled
 in criticisms, had found, in a certain author, which he
 said should be nameless, that the same word, which in
 the will is called fringe, does also signify a broom stick ‡ ,
 and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in
 this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked,

* I believe this refers to that part of the Apocrypha where
 mention is made of Tobit and his dog.

† This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of
 habit and ornament.

‡ The next subject of our author’s wit is the glosses and
 interpretations of scripture, very many absurd ones of which
 are allowed in the most authentic books of the church of Rome.
 W. Wotton.

because

because of that epithet silver; which could not, be humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a broom-stick. But it was replied upon him, that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick on their coats; a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which, he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery; which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation, for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after, was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery, with Indian figures of men, women and children*. Here they had no occasion to examine the will. They remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the fashion than any body else in the town. But they solved the matter, by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in that sense as forbidden by their father, but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the

* The images of saints, the blessed virgin, and our Saviour, an infant.

Ibid. Images in the church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, The brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct. W. Wotton,

scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously, to lock up their father's will in a strong box*, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgot which; and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode, to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver. Upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra* †, that points were absolutely *jure paterno* as they might very well remember. It is true indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical; and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behind hand with the world, he obtained the favour from a certain Lord‡,

* The Papists formerly forbade the people the use of scripture in a vulgar tongue; Peter therefore locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy. Those countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the vulgar Latin, which is the authentic edition of the Bible in the church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. W. Wotton.

† The Popes, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the church of Rome, that are not mentioned in scripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter accordingly pronounces *ex cathedra*. That points tagged with silver were absolutely *jure paterno*; and so they wore them in great numbers. W. Wotton.

‡ This was Constantine the Great, from whom the Popes pretend

to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the Lord died ; and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance of that house to himself and his heirs. Upon which he took possession, turned the young 'squires out, and received his brothers in their stead*.

S E C T. III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

THOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns ; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error ; from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good Lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their art, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and considering the ancient and present state thereof very briefly.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

* Ibid. The Bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at first by the favour of the Emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from Constantine the Great, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, "having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain Lord, &c. W. Wotton."

very

very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For, first, by this term were understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world; by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, from his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fullsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise, and acquit; and that of a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic, have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of these two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem, by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder, who begat B--tley, and Rym-r, and W-tton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the younger.

And

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, That those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued ; and therefore, to render their obligations more compleat, when all other vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves ; as Hercules most generously did ; and hath, upon that score, procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient latitude ; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation was performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true, ancient, genuine critic ; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings ; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them ; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den ; to multiply them like Hydra's heads, and rake them together like Augeas's dung ; or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge ; like those Stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic ; that he is a discoverer and collector of writer's faults. Which may be farther put
beyond

beyond dispute by the following demonstration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own; by which means, the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and office of a true critic agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things, delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by

much later pens* ; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age: which clearly shews how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or panegyric upon the critics, in imitation of their masters, the moderns. Now in the common places of both these†, I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors, against the antiquity of the true critic; though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which I am very confident will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have gene-

[* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.]

[† Satire and panegyric upon critics.]

rally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph; varying only the story, according to their affections or their wit. For, first, Pausanius is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says*, “ They were a race
 “ of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities
 “ and excrescences of books; which the learned at
 “ length observing, took warning of their own accord,
 “ to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sap-
 “ less, and the overgrown branches from their works.” But Herodotus†, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost in *terminis*. He hath been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; tells us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that “ in the western part of Lybia there were ASSES
 “ with HORNS.” Upon which relation Ctesias‡ yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, “ That whereas all other ASSES wanted a
 “ Gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that
 “ part, that their flesh was not to be eaten because of
 “ its extreme bitterness.”

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible, as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound: for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place ||,

[* *Lib.*—][+ *Lib.* 4.][† *Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium.*][|| *Lib.* 4.]

“ how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a
 “ panic terror, by the braying of an ASS.” From
 hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologists,
 that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by
 the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from
 those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was
 so universal, that, in process of time, those authors who
 had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in
 describing the true critics of their several ages, were
 forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as
 too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented
 other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious
 and mystical. So Diodorus*, speaking to the same
 purpose, ventures no farther than to say, That “ in the
 “ mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed,
 “ which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to
 “ poison those who offer to smell it.” Lucretius gives
 exactly the same relation:

*Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
 Floris odore hominem retro consueta necare* †. lib. 6.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a
 great deal bolder. He had been used with much seve-
 rity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore
 could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep
 mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His
 meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it
 possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the
 antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make
 a description of many strange animals about India, he
 hath set down these remarkable words. “ Amongst the
 “ rest, (says he,) there is a serpent that wants teeth, and
 “ consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit (to which
 “ it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any thing,
 “ a certain rottenness or corruption ensues. These ser-
 “ pents are generally found among the mountains where

[* *Lib.*]

† Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,

Grows trees; whose blossoms with their odour kill.

“ jewels

“jewels grow; and they frequently emit a poisonous
 “juice; whereof whoever drinks, that person’s brains
 “fly out of his nostrils.”

There was also among the ancients a sort of critic, not distinguished in specie from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyro’s or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play; whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Flushed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a grey critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us, is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficientes, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *male-voli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided like Themistocles and his company: one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little

expenſe as a taylor; and that there is much analogy between the utenſils and abilities of both; that the taylor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goole; that it requires at leaſt as many of theſe to the making up of one ſcholar, as of the others to the compoſition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a ſize. Much may be ſaid in answer to theſe invidious reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a falſhood; for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo before one can commence a true critic, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps, for a leſs purchaſe, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and deſcribed the primitive ſtate of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent condition of this empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its ancient ſelf. A certain author, whoſe works have many ages ſince been entirely loſt, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, ſay of critics, that “their writings are the mirrors of learning”*. This I underſtand in a literal ſenſe; and ſuppoſe our author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect writer, muſt inſpect into the book of critics, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever conſiders that the mirrors of the ancients were made of braſs, and ſiſe *Mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principle qualifications of a true modern critic; and, conſequently, muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For braſs is an emblem of duration; and, when it is ſkilfully burniſhed, will caſt reflexions from

[* A quotation, after the manner of a great author.—*Vide* Bentley's Diſſertation, &c.]

its own superficialities, without any assistance of Mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, That criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers; to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the King is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, A true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage at their hands. Supported by which expectation I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already begun.



SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For, no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his port, his dress, and his mien, being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him Brother, but *Mr. Peter*: and then he must be styled *Father Peter*; and sometimes, *My Lord Peter*. — To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to; after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso; wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord Peter's invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief amongst them; without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice,) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially

cially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers the eastern missionaries, that I have purely for their sakes made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of earth is like to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent*, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This track of land he bought at a very great penny-worth from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there); and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.

The second project I shall mention, was his sovereign remedy for the worms † especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights‡. As soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at

* That is purgatory.

† Penance and absolution are played upon, under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especially in the spleen; which, by observing Peter's prescription, would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain, &c.—W. Wotton.

‡ Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as easy as the sinner pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

both

both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions, diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was, the erecting of a whispering-office, * for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the cholic; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen-out, repeating poets, lovers, happy, or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons; in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; which he was to apply close for a certain space, and, by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, an office of insurance, † for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, shadows, ———— and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. From whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shews; ‡ the great usefulness whereof be-

* By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession, and the priest who takes it is described by the ass's head.—W. Wotton.

† This I take to be the office of indulgences; the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation.

‡ I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c. among the Papists.

ing so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle*. For, having remarked how your common pickle†, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kind of vegetables; Peter, with great cost, as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but for its many sovereign virtues was quite a different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlín-pimp‡, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargement*||, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs and lice, and scalded heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain

* Holy water he calls, an universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber.—W. Wotton.

† This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

‡ And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle, by the powder of pimperlín-pimp, receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell, from the common pickles, which preserves beef, and butter, and herrings. W. Wotton.

|| Sprinkling.

set

set of bulls*, whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece: though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchos are recorded to have brazen feet. But whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world: whatever was the cause, it is certain that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils; which notwithstanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers†. However, they had two peculiar marks which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace,

*Varias inducere plumas; and
Atrum desinit in piscem.*

* The Papal bulls are ridiculed by name; so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning. W. Wotton.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the Pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes; all signed with lead, and the seal of the fisherman; and are therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes tails.

† These are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

For

For these had fishe's tails ; yet, upon occasion could out-fly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a roaring, to frighten naughty boys *, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance ; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it ; an *appetitus sensibilis*, deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece ; they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold ; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both ; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars ; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits ; who, to this very day, usually call spirits and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars. They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money : which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his Lordship would return a piece of paper in this form†.

* That is, kings who incur his displeasure.

† This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *Servus Servorum*.

“ To all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jailors, Constables, Bailiffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or any of you, under the sentence of death ; we will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c. ; for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. And if you fail hereof, G—d—mn you and your’s to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

Man’s Man,

EMPEROR PETER.”

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *vere adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions ; especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity’s sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *invenendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world ; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number : my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas ! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at

Ibid. Absolution in *articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apostolicæ* are jested upon in Emperor Peter’s letter. W. Wotton.
was



TALE OF A TUB.

The arrogance of Peter, in assuming the triple crown,
and presenting his foot as an object of salutation.
Vide Sect. IV. Page 95.

Drawn by R. Corbould.

Engraved by C. Warren.

Printed for C. Cooke

January 27. 1798.

last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits (as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride) he would call himself God Almighty*, and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high crowned hats†, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle‡, and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand, in the way of salutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot ||; and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chops, and give them a damned kick in the mouth; which hath ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by, without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade* § was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too¶; and in their stead, gave orders to pick

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the Vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church. The Church here is taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are assumed by the Pope in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven."

Ibid. The Pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fisher's ring. W. Wotton.

|| Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflexion. W. Wotton.

§ This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of an horse, when you do not expect it.

¶ The celibacy of the Romish clergy is struck at in Peter's beating his own and brothers wives out of doors. W. Wotton.

up the first three strollers could be met with in the streets. A while after, he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.* Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef, (said the sage magistrate,) is the king of meat: beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread, (says he,) dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city-feast. "Come, brothers, (said Peter,) fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton: || or hold, now my hand is in, I'll help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My Lord, (said he,) I doubt with great submission, there may

* The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.

† Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too; which, in his way, (he calls,) palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton. W. Wotton.

be

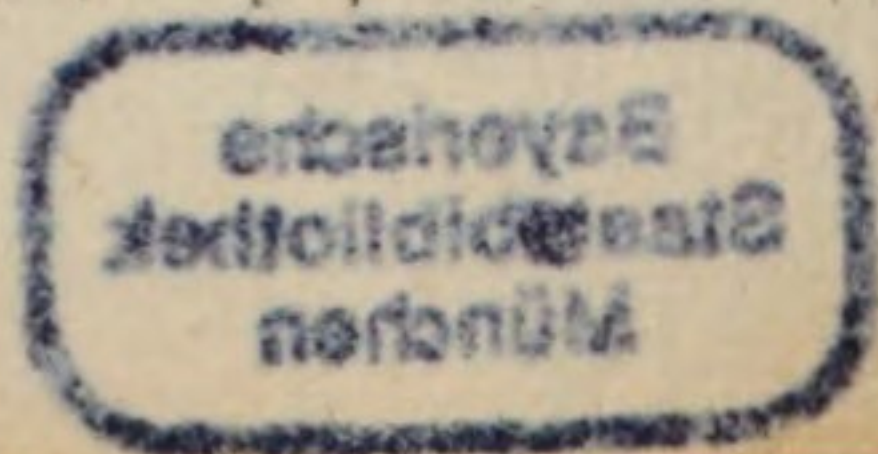
“be some mistake.” What, (says Peter,) you are
 “pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head
 “is so big with.” “None in the world, my Lord;
 “but unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship
 “was pleased a while ago, to let fall a word about
 “mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my
 “heart.” “How, (said Peter,) appearing in great
 “surprise, I do not comprehend this at all.”—Upon
 which the younger interposing to set the business aright,
 “My Lord, (said he,) my brother I suppose is hungry,
 “and longs for the mutton your Lordship hath pro-
 “mised us to dinner.” “Pray, (said Peter,) take me
 “along with you. Either you are both mad, or dis-
 “posed to be merrier than I approve of. If you there
 “do not like your piece, I will carve you another,
 “though I should take that to be the choice bit of the
 “whole shoulder.” What then, my Lord, (replied
 “the first,) it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all
 “this while.” “Pray, Sir, (says Peter,) eat your
 “viſuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you
 “please; for I am not disposed to relish it at present.”
 But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked
 at the affected seriousness of Peter’s countenance. “By
 “G—, my Lord, (said he,) I can only say, that to
 “my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems
 “to be nothing but a crust of bread.” Upon which
 the second put in his word: “I never saw a piece of
 “mutton in my life, so nearly resembling a slice from a
 “twelve penny loaf.” “Look ye, Gentlemen, (cries
 “Peter in a rage,) to convince you, what a couple of
 “blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I
 “will use but this plain argument: By G—, it is true,
 “good, natural mutton as any in Leaden-hall market;
 “and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer
 “to believe otherwise.” Such a thundering proof as
 this, left no further room for objection. The two un-
 believers began to gather and pocket up their mistake
 as hastily as they could. “Why, truly, (said the first,)
 “upon

“ upon more mature consideration” — Aye, says the
 “ other, (interrupting him,) now I have thought bet-
 “ ter on the thing, your Lordship seems to have a great
 “ deal of reason.” “ Very well, (said Peter.) Here
 “ boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here’s to you both
 “ with all my heart.” The two brethren much de-
 lighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their
 most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to
 pledge his Lordship. “ That you shall, (said Peter.)
 “ I am not a person to refuse you any thing that is rea-
 “ sonable. Wine moderately taken, is a cordial. Here
 “ is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice
 “ from the grape, none of your damned vintners brew-
 “ ings.” Having spoke thus, he presented to each of
 them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off,
 and not be bashful; for it would do them no hurt. The
 two brothers, after having performed the usual office,
 in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient pe-
 riod at Lord Peter, and each other, and finding how
 matters were like to go, resolved not to enter on a new
 dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for
 he was now got into one of his mad fits; and to argue
 or expostulate further, would only serve to render him a
 hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its
 circumstances; because it gave a principal occasion to
 that great and famous rupture*, which happened about
 the same time among these brethren, and was never af-
 terwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in
 another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his
 lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common
 conversation, extreme wilful and positive; and would
 at any time rather argue to the death, than allow him-
 self to be once in an error. Besides, he had an abomi-
 nable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occa-
 sions; and swearing not only to the truth, but cursing

* By this rupture is meant the reformation.



the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour*. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post† that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough on it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains: “Z—ds, (said Peter,) where’s the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues‡.” And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word, “By G—, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the d—l broil them eternally that will not believe me.”

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better

* The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary’s milk among the Papists, under the allegory of a cow, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches W. Wotton.

† By this sign-post is meant the cross of our blessed Saviour; and if all the wood that is shewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm.

‡ The Chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of Popery. The Church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly, superstitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in slavery, but our ancestors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The Church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed, and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it W. Wotton.

Ibid. The Chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy-land to Italy,

than

than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him. But first they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera**; by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink, to spirit and comfort their hearts†. In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance: upon which their next work was, to discard their concubines, and send for their wives‡. Whilst all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please to procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago; advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the King§. In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels¶; and

* Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.

† Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‡ Allowed the marriages of priests.

§ Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money; but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.

¶ By Peter's dragoons, is meant the civil power, which those princes who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the Reformers.

gathering

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND. 101
gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors*, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

S E C T. V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

WE whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O Universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary.

—————*Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et, inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained; till at last it smelt so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to shew a very compleat anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors inclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to

* The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.

steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being *fastidiousity*, *amorphy*, and *oscitation*; whereas in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together with a layer of *utile*, and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town wits *, of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any ancients or no; in which point we are like to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. B—tley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern hath ever yet attempted an universal system in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazil†. The method he proposed, was by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out

* The learned person here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

† This is an imaginary island, of kin to that which is called the Painters wives, island, placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker.

of

of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it; not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

“ You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-
 “ skin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies
 “ of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what lan-
 “ guage you please. These you distil *in balneo Mariæ* in-
 “ fusing quintessence of poppy q. s. together with three pints
 “ of *lethe*, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse
 “ away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting
 “ all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the
 “ first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen
 “ times, till what remains will amount to about two
 “ drams. This you keep in a glass vial hermetically
 “ sealed, for one and twenty days; then you begin your
 “ catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting (first
 “ shaking the vial) three drops of this *elixir*, snuffing
 “ it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about
 “ the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes,
 “ and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite
 “ number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, ex-
 “ tracts, collections, *medulla's*, *excerpta quædam's*, *stori-*
 “ *lega's*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and
 “ reducible upon paper.”

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *ar-*
canum that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured
 upon so daring an attempt; never atchieved or under-
 taken before, but by a certain author, called Homer; in
 whom, though otherwise a person not without some abi-
 lities, and for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have
 discovered many gross errors, which are not to be for-
 given his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left.
 For, whereas we are assured, he designed his work for a
 compleat body of all knowledge, human, divine, politi-
 cal, and mechanic*; it is manifest, he hath wholly neg-
 lected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For,

[* *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est. Xe-*
noph. in conviv.]

first

first of all, as eminent a *cabalist* as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or *Anthroposophia theomagica* †. He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra psoplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audiuisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the church of England ‡: A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. W—tt—n, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatise of ancient and modern learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgements, for the great helps and listings I had out of this incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

† A treatise written about fifty years ago by a Welch Gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember was Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it, written by the learned Dr. Henry More. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian that perhaps was ever published in any language.

‡ Mr. W—tt—n, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers, divinity, law, &c. among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.

But,

But, besides these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible, he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood. But I challenge any of his admirers, to shew me in all his writings a compleat account of the spleen. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

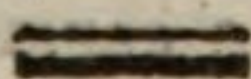
It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention among a great many more, My new help of smatterers; or, The art of being deep-learned, and shallow-read;—A curious invention about mouse-traps;—An universal rule of Reason: or, Every man his cwn carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing; because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill nature of

critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer ; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This hath saved me many a three-pence ; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric, “ Sir, upon my word, we “ are just going to begin.” Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomenas, Apparatus’s, To the Readers. This expedient was admirable at first. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so : however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should : for it is
lamentable

lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers in our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint), as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number are known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort : and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work ; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume ; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgement to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and an universal censure unprovoked ; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other mens' defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them ; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.



SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren : both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on ; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is ob-

served to adhere close in prosperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off: whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dung-hill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers, at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth, step by step, whatever happens, or where-ever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past; and could not tell, on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things! horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time, by certain names. One of them desired to be called MAR-

TIN,

TIN*, and the other took the appellation of JACK †. These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same. But when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory; a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but of necessity be a little subject; because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision, from each other: upon which account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen, but an infinite quantity of lace and ribbands, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; (I mean, only those tagged with silver‡, for the rest fell off.) Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune

* *Martin Luther.*

† *John Calvin.*

‡ Points tagged with silver, are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church; which have been therefore woven deepest in the body of Popery.

hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laying the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and with a second pull, stript away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already very narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver, (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had with much sagacity double sewn, to preserve them from falling. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded the wisest course was, to let it remain; resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder
of

TALE OF A TUB.



W. Gould del.

Warren sculp.

Martin renouncing his subjection to Lord Peter by
tearing the Taggs and Fringes from off his Coat.

Vide Section 6. Page 110.

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of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour, he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, shewing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and from thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish, by the modern way of subscription; not doubting but the Nobility and Gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement, having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What, (said he), a rogue that locked up his
" drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our for-
" tunes, palmed his damned crusts upon us for mut-
" ton, and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in
" his fashions with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the
" street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more dispatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it hap-
pened

pened, that stripping down a parcel of gold-lace, a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat, from top to bottom, and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery : for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient ; withal beholding millions of stitches, that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate ; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel ; and furiously thus continuing his career, “ Ah, “ good brother Martin, (said he,) do as I do, for the “ love of God ! strip, tear, pull, rent, flay off all, that we “ may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible. “ I would not for an hundred pounds carry the least “ mark about me, that might give occasion to the neigh- “ bours, of suspecting I was related to such a rascal.” But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, “ begged his brother of all love, “ not to damage his coat by any means ; for he never “ would get such another : desired him to consider, that “ it was not their business to form their actions by any “ reflection upon Peter’s, but by observing the rules “ prescribed in their father’s will ; that he should re- “ member Peter was still their brother, whatever faults “ or injuries he had committed ; and therefore they should “ by all means avoid such a thought, as that of taking “ measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of “ opposition to him : that it was true the testament of “ their good father was very exact in what related to the “ wearing of their coats ; yet was it no less penal and “ strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and “ affection between them ; and therefore, if straining a “ point were at all dispensible, it would certainly be so, “ rather to the advance of unity, than increase of con- “ tradiction.”

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began ; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture
of

of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, (the true ultimate end of ethics); but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the weight of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage. But that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places, which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery: so that he looked like a drunken beau, half-rifled by bullies: or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of exchange-women*; or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags and lace, and rents and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely more glad to find that of Martin's in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after

* The galleries over the piazzas in the royal-exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of a building called the new exchange in the Strand; this edifice has been pulled down, the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal-Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women but in Exeter-change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion.

as many of the fox's* arguments as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, hobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction! To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report, by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald†; sometimes, Jack with a lanthorn‡; sometimes, Dutch Jack§; sometimes French Hugh||; sometimes Tom the Beggar¶; and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the North **. And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of *Æolists*, who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account;

—————*Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.*

* The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off their's, that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision.

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All those who pretend to inward light.

§ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabaptists.

|| The Hugonots.

¶ The *Guiuses*, by which name some Protestants in Flanders were called.

** John Knox the reformer of Scotland.

SECT.

S E C T. VII.

DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-shell; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements of knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in *soups* and *olio's*, *fricassees* and *ragousts*.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations. And as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us, that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution; and to see a man hunting through an *olio*, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon or a wood-cock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own; and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose.

purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Roman, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and cloathed by invention; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subject, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till provisions being spent, they send to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it; we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present, is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do Lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and the politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back-door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing

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tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences hath been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order; so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the numbers of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who hath given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others hath borne the most, and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated, or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has in some sort been both invented, and brought to a perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper
L uses.

uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pygmies; whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et, ad talos usque pertingentia**. Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared. And although this vein hath bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath, to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, who had a custom, and an instrument to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk†: yet I am under an apprehension, it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes, and little Compendiums? Quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics and commentators and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers and *observanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the *sieves* and *boulders* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they deal in pearls or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest

[* *Cte siæ fragm, apud Photium.*]

[† *Herodot, l. 42.*]

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and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full? And if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf, there to be preserved neat and clean, for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title, fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library; but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature? for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion.

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the field: A happiness derived to us with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, That in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers*.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

[* *Herodot. l. 4.*]

S E C T. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æolists * maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out.

Quid procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi*; that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world. For examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For, whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for wind? which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent*, or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight, That since wind had the master-share, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is

* All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.

in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *anima's* or winds, to which the sage *Æolists*, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *Cabalist*, *Bumbastus**, of placing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, That man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise *Æolists* affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests amongst them in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm†. At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these, and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart and disimbogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into

* This is one of the names of *Paracelsus*. He was called, *Christophorus*, *Theophrastus*, *Paracelsus*, *Bumbastus*.

† This is meant of those seditious preachers who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.

their disciples chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle: Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety.

But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth; having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's little world; distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relieve. At which junctures, all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And to render these yet more compleat; because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria**, was the almighty North; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in Greece had likewise in the highest reverence: *Omnium decorum Boream maxime celebrant*†. This god, though endued with ubiquity, was

* *Latria* is that worship which is paid to the Supreme Being.

† *Pausan* l. 8.

yet supposed by the profounder *Æolists* to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cælum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called *νότια*, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination the most refined *Æolists* have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration; fetching it with their own hands from the fountain head, in certain bladders, and discharging it among the sectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, though, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by *Pancirollus* *. It was an invention ascribed to *Æolus* himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which issuing *ex adytis* and *penetralibus*, is not performed without much

* An author who writ *de Artibus Perditis*, &c. of arts lost, and of arts invented.

pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea ; first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam*. It is in this guise the sacred *Æolist* delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples ; of whom some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath ; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds ; and gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these *Æolists* to have been very ancient in the world ; because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluvia of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal, into a spiritual ecstacy. And to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted that this custom of female† priests is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern *Æolists*, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the Sibyls.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never stop, but naturally fallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil ; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and ex-

* This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.

† Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.

alted ; till having scared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the same course and wing he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things ; like one who travels the east into the west, or like a strait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse ; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity, under shade and darkness ; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes over-short, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground ; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason ; the proposition, however, which hath stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true, that, as the most uncivilized parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough : for it is with men whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so ; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it hath been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of *Æolists* possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the camelion*, sworn foe to inspiration, who,

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here,
any

in scorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Mouli-vanet*, who with four strong arms waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished and set out with gods as well as devils, was the renowned sect of *Æolists*; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are beyond all doubt a most authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother *Æolists* among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

any more than by the terrible monster mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulinavent*, which is the French word for a windmill.

SECT.

S E C T IX.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

NOR shall it any wise detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrenzy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason hath admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons. And it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air: the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes, will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from

from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties, to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies; yet the crop they produce, differs both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince * raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy: others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope, and setting up the Reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia, to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state surgeon†, gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze! what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an en-

* This was Henry the Great of France.

† Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach.
gine?

gine; It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poets never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque*: for,

*Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.* Lucr.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and enflamed, became a dust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain. The very same principle, that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories;

———*Cunnus teterrimi belli*

———*Causa.*

The other instance is, what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty King*, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this *phænomon*. At last the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*†, and gathering there into a tumor, left the rest of the world for that time in peace.

* This is meant of the French King, Louis XIV.

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chymistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of

Of such mighty consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fistula*.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems with such an eager zeal in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known; from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples; because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing, for the most part, in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of Modern Bedlam; (whose merits and principles I shall further examine in due place.) Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast and separate from their followers would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length and breadth, and height, of his own? Yet this is the first humble and civil design of all inno-

it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or western civet, the back parts of man (according to its division mentioned by the author, p. 95.) being the West.

vators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that one time or other, a certain *fortuitous* concurrence of all mens opinions, after perpetual jostlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapt and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my *phænomemon* of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and their distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name besides that of madness or phrenzy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I think the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same meaning. This if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height; instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen, who, it seems, in those days, were as arrant rascals as they are now, has

these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere**. For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage, so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *inuendo*.

This indeed was the fatal mistake of that worthy Gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. W-tt-n, a person, in appearance ordained for great designs, as well as performances, whether you will consider his notions or his looks. Surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. Oh! had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, Whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current.

Of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former postulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes, and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the

[* *Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio.*]

feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur Des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in : it strains my faculties to their highest stretch : and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpenfity ; for now I proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain

*Hic Multa
desiderantur.*

(*) And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that, if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, in philosophy, and in religion. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions : and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions ; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the

* Here is another defect in the manuscript ; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution ; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.

stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors, the first profelyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition. That it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And, first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow; because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past, and things conceived. And so the question is only this: Whether things that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory? Which may be justly held in the affirmative: and very much to the advantage of the former; since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! How shrunk is every thing as it appears in the glass of nature! So that, if it were not the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish, and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the
felicity

felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities: An employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking; which I think has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the play-house.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch. These never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now, I take all this to the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that, in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognisance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in. Whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stript in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen. But I plainly perceived at every operation, that

that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk. From all which I justly formed this conclusion to myself, That whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, (like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic). And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the scum and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness: It is certain, that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapour; therefore, as some kinds of phrenzy give double strength to the sinews, so there are other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit, to the brain. Now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principle branches of madness; and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistook to be different in their causes; over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundancy.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address, is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the seasons of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument.

ment in a commonwealth. Thus one man, chusing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulph, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another atchieves the same enterprize; but unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles, with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public. But this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour, long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis**; or, (to translate it as nearly as I can), a sort of phrenzy, never in its right element till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking, to Sir E——d S——r, Sir C——r M——ve, Sir J——n B——ls, J——n H——w, Esq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill, for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be impowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with the utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state†, * * * * * civil and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great sollicitudes in this important affair, upon account of that high esteem I have ever

[* Tacit.]

† Ecclesiastical.

borne

borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators' faces? Let the right worshipful the Commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling, in a sound without period or article? What wonderful talents are here mislaid! Let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and three-pence * in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-hall.

You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses *ecce cornuta † erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shop-lifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance chequered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great saver of time; somewhat thick of hearing; very short of sight, but more of memory; a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to every

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together come in an hackney-coach to Westminster-hall.

† *Cornutus* is either horned or shining; and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

body, that he never keeps it; one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound; extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, "Sir (says he,) give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song; but give me the penny first." (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application? Accost the hole of another kennel, first stopping your nose, you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet, is the reversion of his own ordure; which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet, upon its first declination; like other insects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing, to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern, for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber; and the orator of the place gives you to understand, that this solemn person is a taylor, run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which, at present, I shall not farther enlarge.

—Hark

—————Hark in your ear * —————I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation. But what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this enquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn; and shall inforce by this one plain instance, That even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shook off: upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise, to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tendernefs usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

S E C T. X.

A TALE OF A TUB†.

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chasm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

† This Section has, in former Editions been entitled a Tale of a Tub, but the Tale not being continued till

Between the nation of authors, and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgements to the world, for the general reception and applause they have given it ; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received*. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament ; to the Lords of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council ; to the Reverend the Judges ; to the Clergy, and Gentry, and Yeomanry, of this land ; but, in a more especial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall ; in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude ; and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded : “ Why, truly, he thanks his
 “ stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has
 “ not the least reason to complain. And yet, by G—,
 “ he wrote it in a week, at fits and starts, when he could
 “ steal an hour from his urgent affairs ;” as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you ; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question : “ He blesses his God, the thing takes wonderfully ;

Section XI. and this being only a further digression, no apology can be thought necessary for making the title correspond with the Contents.

* This is literally true, as we may observe in the preface to most plays, poems, &c.

“ he is just printing a second edition, and has but three
 “ left in his shop.” You beat down the price : “ Sir,
 we shall not differ ;” and, in hopes of your custom ano-
 ther time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please ;
 “ and, pray, send as many of your acquaintances as
 “ you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all
 “ at the same rate.”

Now, is it not well enough considered, to what acci-
 dents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest
 part of those noble writings which hourly start up to
 entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken
 vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sun-
 day, an ill run at dice, a long taylor’s bill, a beggar’s
 purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of
 books, and a just contempt of learning ; but for these
 events, I say, and some others, too long to recite, (espe-
 cially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly),
 I doubt, the number of authors, and of writings, would
 dwindle away to a degree most woeful to behold. To
 confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Trog-
 lodyte philosopher. “ It is certain (said he) some grains
 “ of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composi-
 “ tion of human nature ; only the choice is left us, whe-
 “ ther we please to wear them inlaid or imbossed : and
 “ we need not go very far to seek how that is usually
 “ determined, when we remember, it is with human
 “ faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at
 “ the top.”

There is in this famous island of Britain, a certain
 paltry scribler, very voluminous, whose character the
 reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a
 pernicious kind of writings, called second parts, and
 usually passes under the name of The author of the first.
 I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this
 nimble operator will have stole it, and treat me as inhu-
 manly as he hath already done Dr. Bl——re, L——ge,
 and many others who shall here be nameless. I there-
 fore fly for justice and relief, into the hands of that great
 rectifier

rectifier of saddles*, and lover of mankind, Dr. B—tley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration; and if it should so happen, that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of a second part, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back; that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast think fit to call for it.

In the mean time I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are, to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the poor: and the dogs under the table may gnaw the bones†. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomachs, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned; and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely

* Alluding to the trite phrase, place the saddle on the right horse.

† By dogs the author means common injudicious critics, and he explains it himself before, in his Digression upon Critics,

provoked to laughter ; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader (between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice) will find himself disposed to stare : which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader, truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed ; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we mysterious writers can seldom reach, till we have got into our graves ; whether it is that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth ; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase ; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest, when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportions they are dark ; and therefore

therefore the true illuminated* (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifry hath delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.†

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will heretake leave to glance a few *innuendos*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in an universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of Os multiplied by seven, and divided by nine‡. Also, if a devout brother of the *Rosy Cross* will pray fervently for sixty three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth sections; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of *bythus* and *fige*||, and

* A sect of the Rosycrucians. These were fanatic Alchymists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end; it was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala, Warburton on the Rape of the Lock.

† Nothing is more frequent than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

‡ This is what the Cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

|| I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted

be sure not to forget the qualities of *acamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, a risu lucida, a tristitia solida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein *Eugenius Philalethes** hath committed an unpardonable mistake†.

S E C T. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject; and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet, upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing, it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home,

on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *acamoth* and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquisitive, whether these barbarous words, *Bafima, eacabasa*, &c. are really in Irenæus; and upon inquiry it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.

[* *Vid. Anima magica abscondita.*]

† To the above mentioned treatise, called *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima Magica Abscondita*, written by the same author Vaughan, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*; but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of *acamoth*, or its qualities: so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. as we have said were transcribed from Irenæus; though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was, to set curious men a hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road,

(which

(which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there,) if his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty. But then, surely, we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best: he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean or convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves, and be d—n'd. He'll overtake them at the next town: at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred noisy curs* run barking after him; of which if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps, by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, (nor is any ground lost by the blow,) which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

* By these are meant what the author calls the true critics.

Jack had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of *Æolists*, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's will, ingrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen, (said he,) I will prove
 " this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and
 " cloaths; to be the philosopher's stone, and the univer-
 " sal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life*. He had a

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who
 place

way of working it into any shape he pleased ; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a fore toe ; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose ; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny : they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly on the phrase of his will * : and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once at a strange house he was suddenly taken short, upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate ; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side ; he chose rather, as the more prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again ; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it†.

place so much merit in using scripture-phrases on all occasions.

* The Protestant Dissenters use scripture-phrases in their serious discourses and composures more than the church of England men ; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. W. Wotton.

† I cannot guess the author's meaning here ; which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance. Incurring the penalty in such cases, usually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himself clean because having consulted the will, (i. e. the New Testament), he met with a passage near the bottom, i. e. in the eleventh verse of the last Chapter of the Revelations. " He which is filthy let him be filthy still ;" which seemed

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat *; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian†.

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon‡, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils, and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his Majesty's liege subjects. Therefore he made use of no other expedient to light himself home; but was wont to say, that a wise man was his own lanthorn.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets: and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into the kennel, (as he seldom missed either to do one or both,) he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that “he submitted with entire resignation, “as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, “by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle “or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, “would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a “bloody nose. It was ordained, (said he,) some few “days before the creation, that my nose and this very to forbid it, whether foisted in by the transcriber is added; because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament.

* The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the Fanatics.

† This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the Dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.

‡ I cannot well find the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.

post

“ post should brave a rencounter; and therefore Provi-
“ dence thought fit to send us both into the world in the
“ same age, and to make us country-men, and fellow-
“ citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very
“ likely, the business might have been a great deal
“ worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got
“ by man, with all his foresight about him? Besides,
“ the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of
“ the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind
“ men are observed to tread their steps with much more
“ caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who
“ rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the
“ visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out
“ of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert;
“ like a lanthorn among a pack of roaring bullies,
“ when they scour the streets; exposing its owner and
“ itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might
“ have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have
“ suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if
“ we examine the conduct of these boasted lights,
“ it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune.
“ It is true, I have broke my nose against this post,
“ because Providence either forgot, or did not think it
“ convenient to twitch me by the elbow, and give me
“ notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either
“ the present age or posterity, to trust their noses into
“ the keeping of their eyes; which may prove the fairest
“ way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes!
“ ye blind guides! miserable guardians, are ye of our
“ frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first pre-
“ cipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing
“ bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction.
“ But, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we
“ tumble down prone into a gulph, without one hos-
“ pitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to
“ which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except
“ that of the giant Laurcalco*, who was lord of the

[* *Vid. Don Quixotte.*]

“silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and
 “with great justice, may you be compared to those
 “foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and
 “darkness, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noisome
 “bog.”

This I have produced, as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who hath since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others, Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel*. Then it was that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would of a sudden, with one hand out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other bespatter them all with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer, lapped himself close and thick, to keep it out†.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of Hangman-General‡; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard, than a long prayer§.

* The villainies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.

† They affect differences in habit and behaviour.

‡ They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

§ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek God, when they resolved to murder the King.

He

He had a tongue so musculous and subtil, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying ; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula ; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bag-pipes*. But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours†, but mortally hated all ; and upon that account bore a cruel aversion to painters ; infomuch that in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones, to pelt at the signs.

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occasions to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into the water, though it were in the midst of the winter ; but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears. It was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve‡.

* This is to expose our Dissenters aversion to instrumental music in churches. W. Wotton.

† They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and deface the statues and paintings on all the churches in England.

‡ Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven, both in such a dirty nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaister of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervor of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street ; and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, “ Worthy
“ Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps ;”
to another, “ Honest friend, pray favour me with a hand-
“ some kick on the arse.” “ Madam, shall I intreat a
“ small box on the ear from your ladyship’s fair hands ?”
“ Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love
“ of God, with that cane of your’s, over these poor
“ shoulders*.” And when he had, by such earnest sol-
citations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to
swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home
extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of
what he had undergone for the public good. “ Observe
“ this stroke, (said he, shewing his bare shoulders), a
“ plaguy janissary gave it me this very morning at seven
“ o’clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the
“ Great Turk. Neighbours, mind this broken head
“ deserves a plaister. Had poor Jack been tender of his
“ noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French
“ King, long before this time of day, among your wives
“ and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the Great
“ Mogul was come as far as White-chapel ; and you
“ may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God
“ bless us) already swallowed up man, woman, and
“ child.”

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear towards each other†. Peter had lately done some rogueries, that

* The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.

† The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most averse to each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as has been observed by learned men.

Ibid,

forced him to abscond ; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other ; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend : for the phrenzy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same center ; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same ; but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien ; infomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, “ Mr. Peter, you are the King’s prisoner ;” or, at other times, for one of Peter’s nearest friends, to accost Jack with open arms, “ Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee ; pray, send me one of your best medicines for the worms.” This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long ; and finding, how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his ? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment. The orient sun never entered upon his diurnal

Ibid. The agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called the fanaticism of the church of Rome, is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack’s likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting when they least intended it. W. Wotton.

progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a taylor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choak him; and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but, at the same time, went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a Heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For as it is the nature of rags, to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short sighted eyes: so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaring; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both. * *

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*Desunt non-
nulla.*

The old Slavonian proverb said well, That “it is
“with men, as with asses; whoever would keep them
“fast, must find a very good hold at their ears.” Yet I
think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by re-
peated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our an-
cestors, with great allowances to times and persons.
For, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that
no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as
those of human ears. In former days, there was a cu-
rious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think,
we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And
how

how can it be otherwise, when, in these latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far, as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For if the only flitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers and our own have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us, That “when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes a eunuch*.” And the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already used the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect. Others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice; and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been cloven tongues; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent

[* *Lib. (de ære, locis, et aquis.)*

and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people ; in his rhetorical paroxysms, turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other. From which custom, the whole opinion of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member ; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel King had not arose, who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard*. Upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border ; others crept wholly under a periwig ; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my General History of Ears ; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery : and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several handles, whereof the six† senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp ; curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, than an author should seize upon his readers ; which as soon as he hath once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain ; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his grip.

* This was K. Charles II. who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.

[† Including Scaligers.]

And

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers ; it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp ; leaving them in the perusal of what remains to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs ; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising ; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas ! with my utmost endeavours I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's bench ; and of a reconciliation between Jack and him, upon a design they had in a certain rainy night to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin* ; how Martin, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels ; how a new warrant came out against Peter ; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city ; how he got upon a great horse†, and

* In the reign of K. James II. the Presbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the Papists against the church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The King, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of. But upon the revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of K. James's Indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

† Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Presbyterian, was some years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle with the ensigns of his office.

ate

ate custard*. But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that hath passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths, for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer; and therefore, by a courtly modern, lest of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOING too long is a cause of abortion, as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit† who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the season. No man hath more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject; and found it would never take, but after a long vacation; and then only, in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward,

* Custard is a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

[† *Pere d'Orleans.*]

and said, “ I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather ;
 “ however, if you could prepare some pretty little ban-
 “ ter, but not in verse, or a small treatise upon the—,
 “ it would run like wild fire. But if it hold up, I have
 “ already hired an author to write something against Dr.
 B—tl—y, which I am sure will turn to account*.

At length we agreed upon this expedient, That when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author ; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits shall happen to be that week in the vogue ; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I had as lieve, he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of our courteous readers ; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight, and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late ; and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers, as with wells ; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there ; and that often when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half under ground, it shall pass however for wonderful deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wonderful dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors ; which is, to write upon nothing : when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on ; by some called, the ghost of wit, delighting

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his connexion of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not safely be ventured, unless he could enliven it with a little humour.

to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has wrote out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if by all my labours I can have any ways contributed to the repose of mankind, in times so turbulent and unquiet as these*. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece†, there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window, to critic his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lacqueys. The cause

* This was wrote before the peace of Ryfwick.

[† *Trezenii, Pausan. l. 2.*]

of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case, to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasion where I could be neither wise nor sound, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of common places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unfuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret), I must own gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover, that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse, and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

END OF THE TALE OF A TUB.



A
FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT
OF THE
BATTLE
FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,
BETWEEN
THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN
BOOKS
IN
St. James's Library.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former ; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot, about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple upon that subject ; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an Appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris*, for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now Earl of Orrery ; to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit ; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two Reverend Gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle ; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune, or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader, to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name ; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet : and so of the rest.

THE
PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own ; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great ; and I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming ; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry. But of all things let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters ; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply : Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipt into froth ; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

A
FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT
OF THE
BATTLE,

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due circumspection into the annual records of Time, will find it remarked, that War is the child of Pride, and Pride the daughter of Riches*. The former of which assertions may be soon granted; but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter. For pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty upon plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For to speak in the phrase of writers upon the politics, we may observe in the republic of Dogs, (which in its original seems to be an institution of the many,) that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them, when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy; or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them, in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For, the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of

[* Riches produceth pride; pride is war's ground, &c.
Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clark, opt. edit.]

every citizen against every citizen ; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize ; upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve, as to the grounds and occasions of each ; and that poverty, or want, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms ; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not easy to conjecture at : for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began (as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood) about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus ; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been, time out of mind, in quiet possession of certain tenants called the Ancients ; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuisance, how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east ; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, Either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place ; or else, that the said Ancients will give leave to the Moderns, to come with shovels and mattocks,

stocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer, How little they expected such a message as this, from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood: That as to their own seat, they were Aborigines of it; and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand: That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the Moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury, if it be any, were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them: That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself: That they would therefore advise the Moderns, rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns, with much indignation; who still insisted upon one of the two expedients. And so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war; maintained on the one party by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missile weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom, to suit in some degree, as well as to foment

the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides; the beaten party being content to be at the same expence, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war;) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, Disputes, Arguments, Rejoinders, Brief Considerations, Answers, Replies, Remarks, Reflexions, Objections, Confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives*, for passengers to gaze at: from whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled, and preserved, the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other coemeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves: so we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore, books of controversy, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our an-

[* Their title-pages.]

cestors, to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this. When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had lodgings appointed them ; but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle, and there both concerted together, to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all polemics of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arose of late years, instinct with a most malignant spirit, from the war above-mentioned, between the learned, about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils where-ever they came, unless a world of care were taken ; and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor : for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the Ancient and Modern books in the King's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in every body's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great, to be informed in the particulars ; I being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The

The guardian of the regal library, a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity*, had been a fierce champion for the Moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the Ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock: but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which those of the Modern party are extreme subject; for being light-headed, they have in speculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients; which he resolved to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the Ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And, lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and, therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap

* The Honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, says, he was refused a manuscript by the library-keeper, *pro solita humanitate sua*. Doctor Bentley was then library keeper, the two ancients were Phalaris and Æsop.

Des Cartes next to Aristotle ; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters ; and Virgil was hemmed in, with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, those books that were advocates for the Moderns, chose out one from among them, to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries : whereof the foot were in general but forrily armed, and worse clad ; their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart. However, some few, by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove, by manifest reasons, that the priority was due to them, from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits towards the Moderns. But these denied the premises ; and seemed very much to wonder, how the Ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that,) that the Moderns were much the more Ancient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. “ It is true, (said they,) we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you. But the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses are of our own breeding, our arms of our

[* According to the modern paradox.]

“own forging, and our cloaths of our own cutting out
“and sewing.” Plato was by chance upon the next
shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged
plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foun-
dered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty,
and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud,
and, in his pleasant way, swore, By G——, he believed
them.

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late
negociation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of
the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the
quarrel by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency,
talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple hap-
pened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence
to the Ancients; who thereupon drew up their scattered
troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive.
Upon which several of the Moderns fled over to their
party, and among the rest Temple himself. This
Temple, having been educated and long conversed among
the Ancients, was, of all the Moderns, their greatest
favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident
fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large win-
dow, there dwelt a certain spider, swoln up to the first
magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of
flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his
palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant.
The avenues to his castle were guarded with turn-
pikes and pallisadoes, all after the Modern way of forti-
fication.

After you had passed several courts, you came to the
centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself
in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to
each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of
prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time
dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person
by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms
from below; when it was the pleasure of fortune to con-
duct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a
broken

broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed, at first, that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom this enemy had slain and devoured. However, he, at length, valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out; when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you (said he) for a
" giddy son of a whore. Is it you, with a vengeance,
" that have made this litter here? Could not you look
" before you, and be d—n'd? Do you think I have no
" thing else to do, (in the devil's name), but to mend
" and repair after your arse?" "Good words, (friend,
" said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being
" disposed to droll); I will give you my hand and word
" to come near your kennel no more: I was never in
" such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah,
" (replied the spider), if it were not for breaking an old
" custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an
" enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."
" I pray have patience, (said the bee), or you will spend
" your substance; and, for ought I see, you may stand
" in need of it all towards the repair of your house."
" Rogue! Rogue! (replied the spider); yet methinks
" you

“you should have more respect to a person, whom all
“the world allows to be so much your betters.”—“By
“my troth, (said the bee), the comparison will amount
“to a very good jest ; and you will do me a favour, to
“let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to
“use in so hopeful a dispute.” At this, the spider,
having swelled himself into the size and posture of a dis-
putant, began his argument in the true spirit of contro-
versy, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and
angry ; to urge on his own reasons, without the least
regard to the answers or objections of his opposite ; and
fully pre-determined in his mind against all conviction.

“Not to disparage myself (said he) by the comparison
“with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond,
“without house or home, without stock or inheritance ;
“born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings
“and a drone-pipe ? Your livelihood is an universal
“plunder upon nature ; a freebooter over fields and
“gardens ; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a net-
“tle as readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic
“animal, furnished with a native stock within myself.
“This large castle (to shew my improvement in the
“mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the
“materials extracted altogether out of my own person.”

“I am glad (answered the bee) to hear you grant at
“least, that I am come honestly by my wings and my
“voice : for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven
“alone for my flights and my music ; and Providence
“would never have bestowed on me two such gifts,
“without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit
“indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and the
“garden : but whatever I collect from thence, enriches
“myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their
“smell, or their taste. Now, for you, and your skill
“in architecture and other mathematics, I have little
“to say. In that building of your’s, there might, for
“ought I know, have been labour and method enough ;
“but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain,
“the materials are nought ; and I hope you will hence-
“forth

“ forth take warning, and consider duration and matter,
“ as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being
“ obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spin-
“ ning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may
“ judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you
“ possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your
“ breast. And though I would by no means lessen or
“ disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt,
“ you are somewhat obliged for an increase of both to
“ a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of
“ dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings ex-
“ haled from below; and one insect furnishes you with
“ a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short,
“ the question comes all to this, Whether is the nobler
“ being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation
“ of four inches round, by an overweening pride, which,
“ feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excre-
“ ment and venom, producing nothing at all, but fly-
“ bane and a cobweb; or that, which, by an universal
“ range, with long search, much study, true judgment,
“ and distinction of things, brings home honey and
“ wax?”

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books in arms below, stood silent awhile, waiting in suspense what would be the issue. Which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated, by a strange effect of the Regent's humanity*, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns. Where soon discovering how high the quarrel was like

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æsop: see note page 142,

to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the Regent mistook him for a Modern ; by which means, he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest : to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure ; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that, in all his life, he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. “ The
“ disputants (said he) have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of
“ all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but
“ to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel,
“ then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them ; and
“ we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and us. For pray, Gentlemen, was
“ ever any thing so modern as the spider, in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes ? He argues in the behalf
“ of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock, and great genius ; that he spins
“ and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this, the bee,
“ as an advocate retained by us the Ancients, thinks fit to answer, That if one may judge of the great genius
“ or invention of the Moderns, by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with
“ as much method and skill as you please ; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own
“ intrails, (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb ; the duration of which,
“ like that of other spiders’ webs, may be imputed to their being begotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner.
“ For any thing else of genuine, that the Moderns may
“ pretend

“ pretend to, I cannot recollect ; unless it be a large
 “ vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and
 “ substance with the spider’s poison ; which, however,
 “ they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is im-
 “ proved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects
 “ and vermin of the age. As for us the Ancients, we
 “ are content with the bee to pretend to nothing of our
 “ own, beyond our wings and our voice ; that is to say,
 “ our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever
 “ we have got, has been by infinite labour and search,
 “ and ranging through every corner of nature. The
 “ difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have
 “ rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax ; thus
 “ furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things,
 “ which are, sweetness and light.”

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among
 the books, upon the close of this long descant of *Æsop* ;
 both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities
 so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle.
 The Moderns on their parts were in very warm debates upon
 the choice of their leaders ; and nothing less than the fear
 impending from their enemies, could have kept them from
 mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest
 among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to
 the chief command, from *Tasso* and *Milton*, to *Dryden* and
Withers. The light-horse were commanded by *Cowley* and
 * *Despreaux*. There came the bowmen under their valiant
 leaders, *Des Cartes*, *Gassendi*, and *Hobbes* ; whose strength
 was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the
 atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that
 of *Evander*, into meteors, or, like the cannon-ball, into
 stars. *Paracelsus* brought a squadron of stink-pot-flingers
 from the snowy mountains of *Rætia*. There came a vast
 body of dragoons of different nations, under the leading
 of *Harvey*†, their great Aga ; part

* More commonly known by the name of *Boileau*.

† *Dr. Hervey* who discovered the circulation of the blood,

armed with scythes, the weapons of death ; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison ; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine ; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of calones†, a disorderly rout, led by L'Estrange ; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder ; all without ‡ coats to cover them.

The army of the Ancients were much fewer in number. Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse ; Euclid was chief engineer ; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen ; Herodotus and Livy the foot ; Hippocrates the dragoons ; the allies led by Vossius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up strait to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below. (For, among the gods, she always tells truth.) Jove, in great con-

a discovery much insisted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted against as false by Sir William Temple in his essay.

*Calones, by calling this disorderly rout Calones, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption and every evil work : they are stiled Calones because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers ; as the Calones, whether belonging to the army or private families, were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever.

† These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.
cern,

cern, convokes a council in the Milky Way. The senate assembled: he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impending between two mighty armies of Ancient and Modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour; which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the Ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver, double gilt; the covers of celestial Turkey-leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter. These are his ministring instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a long hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men, Accidents, or Events; but the gods call them, Second Causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the

spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age ; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong ; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise, and Impudence, Dulness, and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat ; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass ; her teeth fallen out before ; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself ; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall ; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate ; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking ; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. “ Goddess, (said Momus), can you sit idly here, while our devout wor-
 “ shippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into
 “ a cruel battle, and perhaps, now lying under the
 “ swords of their enemies ? Who then hereafter will
 “ ever sacrifice, or build altars to our divinities ? Haste
 “ therefore to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent
 “ their destruction ; while I make factions among the
 “ gods, and gain them over to our party.”

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage ; and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy.

“ It is I, (said she), who give wisdom to infants and
 “ idiots ; by me children grow wiser than their parents ;
 “ by me beaux become politicians, and school-boys
 “ judges of philosophy ; by me sophisters debate, and
 “ conclude upon the depths of knowledge ; and coffee-
 “ house-wits, instinct by me, can correct an author’s
 “ style, and display his minutest errors, without under-
 “ standing a syllable of his matter or his language ; by
 “ me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their
 “ estate

“ estate before it comes into their hands. It is I who
“ have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire
“ over Poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And
“ shall a few upstart Ancients dare to oppose me?—
“ But, come, my aged parents, and you my children
“ dear, and thou my beauteous sister; let us ascend my
“ chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who
“ are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive
“ by that grateful smell which from thence reaches my
“ nostrils.”

The goddess and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till, at length, she arrived at her beloved island of Britain. But, in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's Library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuosos*, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breast. For, at the head of a troop of Modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son W—tt—n; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread; W—tt—n, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass. Her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice or decoction of gall and foot,

in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so.

In this guise she marched on towards the Moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine B—ntl—y, W—tt—n's dearest friend. "Brave W-t-t-n, (said the goddess,) why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of the day? Away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth; which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutered him, she vanished in a mist; and the hero perceived it was the goddess, his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle. Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * * * * * *Hic pauca desunt.* They bore the wounded Aga * on their shields to his chariot. * * * * * *Desunt nonnulla.*

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his

* Doctor Hervey, it was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded; other Moderns are spared by the *hiatus* that follows, probably for similar reasons.

arrow;

arrow; which missed the valiant Modern, and went hissing over his head. But Des Cartes it hit: the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex. * * * *

* * * *

Ingens hiatus hic in MS.

When Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, Goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last. First, Gondibert * advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or light. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had spoiled Homer of his armour†; madman! who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength. Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground; there to be trampled and choaked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout Modern; who from his father's side, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race‡. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew W—s—y, with a kick of his horse's heel. He took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle; with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared in shining armour, compleatly fitted to his body. He was

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant.

[† *Vid. Homer.*]

‡ Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent; so that his detractors said, he was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.

mounted

mounted on a dapple-grey steed ; the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour ; when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding, of a monstrous size, appeared a foe issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons : but his speed was less than his noise ; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot ; which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within a throw of a lance ; when the stranger desired a parley, and lifting up the vizard of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within ; which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave Ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together : for the helmet was nine times too large for the head ; which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the pent-house of a modern perriwig : and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good Ancient, called him Father : and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves*, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worse than his own. Then they agree to exchange horses ; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * *

* * * * * *Alter hiatus in MS.*

* * * * * Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse, of admirable shape, but headstrong,

[* *Vid. Homer.*]

bearing

bearing the rider where he list, over the field. He made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Bl—ckm—re, a famous Modern, (but one of the mercenaries), strenuously opposed himself; and darted a javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point*. “ Brave Modern, (said Lucan), “ I perceive some god protects you; for never did my “ arm so deceive me before. But what mortal can con- “ tend with a god? Therefore let us fight no longer, “ but present gifts to each other.” Lucan then bestowed the Modern a pair of spurs, and Bl—ckm—re gave Lucan a bridle. * * * *

* * * * *Pauca desunt.*

Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening loud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew———, and ———, and Oldham, and ———, and Afra† the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light-horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, and pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse, and his own skill, would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance; which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers

* His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a Poet.

† Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems.

are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went by an unerring hand singing through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus†. And now both heroes drew their swords. But the Modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropt from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape. At last he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, “Godlike Pindar, (said he), spare my life, “and possess my horse with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they bear I “am alive, and your prisoner.” “Dog, (said Pindar), “let your ransom stay with your friends; but your “carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air, and the “beasts of the field.” With that, he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses feet, the other half was born by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took, and washed it seven times in ambrosia; then struck it thrice with a sprig of amarant: upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * *

* * * * * *Hiatus in MS.*

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued, forth, from a Squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was B—ntl—y†; in person the most deformed of all the Moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it as he marched was loud and

* His poem called the Mistress.

[† The episode of B-ntl-y and W-tt-n.]

dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the visard was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand * he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus compleatly armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the Modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing: which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of B—ntl—y, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d—n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs the Ancients would long before this have been beaten out of the field. “† You, said he, sit here idle! but when I or any other
“ valiant Modern kill any enemy, you are sure to seize
“ the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the

* The person here spoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.

[† *Vid. Homer, de Tberstie.*]

R

foe.

“foe, till you all swear to me, that whomsoever I take
“or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess.” B—ntl—y
having spoke thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour
look, “Miscreant prater, (said he,) eloquent only in
“thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or
“discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth
“nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous ;
“thy study of humanity, more inhuman ; thy converse
“among poets, more groveling, miry, and dull. All
“arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untract-
“able ; courts have taught thee ill-manners ; and polite
“conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a
“greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never
“despond, I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest,
“shall certainly be thy own ; though I hope that vile
“carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms.”

B—ntl—y durst not reply ; but half choaked with
spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of perform-
ing some great achievement. With him, for his aid
and companion, he took his beloved W—tt—n ; resolving,
by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter
of the Ancients’ army. They began their march over
carcases of their slaughtered friends ; then to the right of
their own forces ; then wheeled northward, till they
came to Aldrovandus’s tomb ; which they passed on the
side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with
fear towards the enemy’s out-guards, looking about, if
haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or
some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the
rest. As when two mongrel-curs, whom native greediness
and domestic want provoke and join in partnership,
though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich
grazier ; they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues,
creep soft and slow. Meanwhile, the conscious moon,
now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendi-
cular rays ; nor dare they bark, though much provoked,
at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by re-
flexion, or in sphere direct ; but one surveys the region
round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to dis-
cover

cover at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens : so marched this lovely loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection ; when at distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to B-ntl-y. On he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. B-ntl-y would fain have dispatched them both ; and stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw ; for both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping and busy in a dream*. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming, how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that as he and the Ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. B-ntl-y leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling W-tt-n.

He in the mean time had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stopped prone on his breast ; but ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all, not to draw too deep, or far from the spring.

At the fountain head, W-tt-n discerned two heroes. The one he could not distinguish; but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. W—tt—n, observing him with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself. “Oh, that I could kill this destroyer of our army! “What renown should I purchase among the chiefs? “But to issue out against him, man for man, shield “against shield, and lance against lance*, what Modern “of us dare? For he fights like a god; and Pallas or “Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, Oh, mother! if “what fame reports be true, that I am the son of so “great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this “lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and “that I may return in safety and triumph, laden “with his spoils.” The first part of his prayer the gods granted, at the intercession of his mother, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind, sent from fate, was scattered in the air. Then W—tt—n grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient; upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And W—tt—n might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo,

[* *Vid. Homer.*]

enraged,

enraged, that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of———, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple. He pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods*, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Arabian Desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise; which echo, foolish nymph, like her ill judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal: so W—tt—n fled, so Boyle pursued. But W—tt—n heavy armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover B—ntl—y appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilded; rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after W—tt—n, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning †; if chance her geese be scattered over the com-

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Doctor Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and learning then called the Christ church wits.

[* *Vid. Homer.*]

† This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do

mon, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock ; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champion : so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First, B-ent-y threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast. But Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took a lance, of wondrous length and sharpness ; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and with unusual force darted the weapon. B-ntl-y saw his fate approach ; and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body ; in went the point, passing through arm and side : nor stopt, or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant W-tt-n ; who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of wood-cocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to their ribs ; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths ; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair ; few equals have you left behind : and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you so.

And now, * * * * *Desunt Cætera*

with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

END OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

A
DISCOURSE
CONCERNING THE
Mechanical Operation of the Spirit.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.
A FRAGMENT.

For T. H. Esq; at his Chambers in the Academy of the
Beaux-Esprits in New-Holland.*

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days courting through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of A letter to a friend. Nothing is more common than to meet with long epistles addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient; such as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as, long schemes in philosophy, dark and

* Supposed to be Col. Hunter, author of the Letter of Enthusiasm, mentioned in the Apology for the Tale of a Tub.

This discourse is not altogether equal to the two former, the best parts of it being omitted. Whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not: nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were written in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves than his relation.

wonderful

wonderful mysteries of state, laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy, advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: (for, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter, as soon as ever it comes to your hands :) I desire you will be my witness to the world, how careless and sudden a scribble it has been: that it was but yesterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style: and if any other modern excuses, for haste and negligence, shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois virtuosi*, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body; and assure them, I shall send an account of those phænomena, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of *Tobinambou* these three last ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having dispatched what I had to say of forms, or of business, let me intreat, you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me if I make no farther use of the epistolary style, till I come to conclude.

S E C T I.

IT is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as, fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans: but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians; and doubtless with good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England,
to

to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease: yet there are abundance of us, who will not be satisfied with any other machine, besides this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down, by way of common place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operations, already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the rider and the ass; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the term ass, we shall make use of gifted or enlightened teacher; and the word rider, we will exchange for that of Fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled
this

this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is, to examine, by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or spirit, or light ; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings, I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person ; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition : for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a Fanatic strain, or tincture of enthusiasm ; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history ; as will soon appear to those who know any thing of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to assign one art or science, which has not annexed to it some Fanatic branch : Such are the philosopher's stone, the grand elixir*, the planetary worlds, the squaring of the circle, the *summum bonum*, Utopian common-wealths, with some others of less or subordinate note ; which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm, dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther upon holy ground ; wherein, though it hath passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original ; yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter. This description will hold good in general : but I am only to understand it as ap-

* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.

plied to religion ; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is, the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is, the immediate act of the devil, and is termed possession. The third is, the product of natural causes ; the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer ; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this Mechanical Operation of the Spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter ; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade ; producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm, which is purely an effect of nature ; whereas the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art ; which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions, more than others. Besides, there is many an operation, which, in its original, was purely an artifice ; but, through a long succession of ages, hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our ancestors the Scythians, there was a nation called Longheads*, which at first began by a custom, among midwives and nurses, of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants ; by which means, nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another,

* Macrocephali.

and finding room above, shot upwards, in the form of a sugar-loaf ; and being diverted that way, for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Longheads ; and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there rose a generation of men in this island, called Round-heads*, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms ; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sex : which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature, at last, took the hint, and did it of herself ; so that a round-head has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a long head among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning ; secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject ; and, having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

* The Fanatics, in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, " Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair, cut theirs very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, enquired who that round-headed man was, and that from this incident, the distinction became general, and the party were called round heads.

The

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general, upon the following fundamental, that the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit : because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, flutter, and amuse the senses, or else to jostle them out of their stations, and while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters, and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do ; but having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics, that the spirit can by any means be introduced into an assembly of modern saints : the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration, and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, that the Apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place, by which is meant, an universal agreement in opinion, and form of worship ; a harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, the spirit instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages ; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words, or phrases in their own. Lastly, (say these objectors,) the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themselves so
S close,

close, and so industriously a-top. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the apostles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word spirit ; which if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed : but the spirit we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And, upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity, to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration ; than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther shew in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phænomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the spirit, the assembly has a considerable share, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows. They violently strain their eye-balls inward, half closing the lids ; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of see-saw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height ; chusing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it so singular or improbable, as not to be traced, in distant regions, from reading and observation. For first, the *Jauguis**, or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial extacies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian ancestors†, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement ; and it is granted,

[* *Bernier. mem. de Mogul.*] [† *Guagnini. hist. Sarmat.*]
that

that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish, men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco, handed round the company ; each preserving the smoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in fresh. At the same time, there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires ; and they move their bodies up and down, to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may observe their eyes turned up in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake ; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears, that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded ; that imagination hath usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing ; but, after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed, and fluttered like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while the preacher is also at work : he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through ; this is immediately returned by the audience ; and you find yourself prompted to imitate them, by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which the spirit would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the spirit, with relation to that part which is borne by the assembly ; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

S E C T. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this ; that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction : rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions for some invisible power, of greatest goodness, and ability to help them ; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the Divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two principles : the principle of good, and that of evil ; which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of thing visible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our desires : that the former set them a praying, and us a cursing. What I applaud them for, is their discretion, in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts ; nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white god, to cross or interfere with that of the black. Not so with us ; who, pretending, by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cælum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess ; after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rake-hell
of

of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and sawcer eyes; I laugh aloud to see these reasoners at the same time engaged in wise disputes about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

*Dum fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum
Discernunt avidi.*—————

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us. It hath continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were possession or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For I think it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity for every individual, to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand, if he hath knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either heaven or hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection upon what he is about? Therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery, of vending spiritual gifts, is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear by describing and deducing the whole

process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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*	*	*	<i>Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was thought neither safe nor convenient to print it.</i>				
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Here it may not be amiss to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing quilted caps; which is not a matter of mere custom, humour, or fashion, as some would pretend, but an institution of great sagacity and use. These, when moistened with sweat, stop all perspiration; and, by reverberating the heat, prevent the spirit from evaporating any way, but at the mouth; even as a skilful housewife that covers her still with a wet clout for the same reason, and finds the same effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuosi*, that the brain is only a croud of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely sharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of Hobbes's Leviathan, or like bees in perpendicular swarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, still preserving the shape and figure of the mother animal: That all invention is formed by the morsure of two or more of these animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence; whereof three branches spread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold also, that these animals are of a constitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, the excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and distillations, is nothing else but an epidemical looseness, to which that little commonwealth is very subject, from the climate it lies under: Farther, that nothing less than a violent heat can disentangle these creatures from their hamated station of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth:

teeth : That if the morsure be hexagonal, it produced poetry ; the circular gives eloquence ; if the bite hath been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon the politics ; and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, towards the composition and improvement of the spirit ; for without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incompleat, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For it is to be understood, that, in the language of the spirit, cant and droning supply the place of sense and reason, in the language of men ; because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words, according to the art of grammar, hath not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables ; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense, before he can make it music. For this reason it hath been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection when managed by ignorance ; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone ; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum*. But in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide ; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent share of inward light ; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological pollysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechanical operations already related ; the bearers of this light resembling lanterns,
thorns,

thorns, compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles: which invention, Sir H mphry Edw-n, during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, "Thy word is a lanthorn to my feet, and a
"light to my paths."

Now, the art of canting consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeably to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus it is frequent for a single vowel to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints, to sob to the music of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles, when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are disposed to receive the excrements of his brain, with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of canting, philosophically, physically, and musically considered. But among all improvements of the spirit wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which, under the denomination of snuffling*, hath

* The snuffling of men, who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters did too much affect. W. Wotton.

affed

passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark; but having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and hath flourished in this island ever since, with great lustre. All agree, that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes; which, having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffing was not; when the following adventure happened to a Banbury Saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think, that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit: adding, that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs, and when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully headstrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part, (a very natural effect of strong inspiration;) and the place and time falling out so unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head: and as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field,

field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an idiosyncrasy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flagelet is made by the stops. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success in the operation of the spirit: for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Strait, every pastor copied after this original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use of the same experiment to acquire it. So that I think it may be truly affirmed, the saints owe their empire to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read, how the Persian beast acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before*.

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, That there is in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm some real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your

[Herodot.]

commonest

commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without : as lanthorns, which, the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it ; you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit possessing the heads of the modern saints ; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal, working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them, as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of Fanaticism, from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of Fanatics in ancient story, are among the Egyptians ; who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of Orgira, Panegyres, and Dionysia ; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus, we shall not dispute at present, nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus*. Which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine : but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on

[* *Diod. Sic. l. 1. Plut, de Iside et Osyride.*]

the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding; and because antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book, by scouting through the index, as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny, by peeping in his breech. For at the time of instituting these mysteries, * there was not one vine in all Egypt, the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian Osiris †, but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom or never drunk: for it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventor of the mitre‡; which he wore continually on his head, as the whole company of Bacchanals did, to prevent vapours and the head-ach after hard drinking. And for this reason (say some) the scarlet whore, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself; though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the Bacchanalian ceremonies § were so many types and symbols.

From which account, it is manifest, that the fanatic rites of these *Bacchanals* cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foun-

[* *Herod. l. 2.*]

[† *Diod. Sic. l. 1. et 3.*]

[‡ *Id. l. 4.*]

[§ See the particulars in *Diod. Sic. l. 1. et. 3.*]

dation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions, an entire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and desarts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated Satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types*, was performed in *puris naturalibus*; the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries; who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his Orgies † to them; which others explained, by telling us, he hath castrated himself upon grief, for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next Fanatics we meet with, of any eminence, were the numerous sects of heretics, appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian *æra*, from Simon Magus and his followers, to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading; and comparing them with those of their successors in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularities of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest ravings: so there is one fundamental point, wherein they are sure to meet, as

[* *Dionysia, Brauronia.*]

[† *Vid. Photium in excerptis e Conone.*]

lines in a centre, and that is the community of women. Great were their sollicitudes in this matter ; and they never failed of certain articles in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last Fanatics of note, were those which started up in Germany, a little after the reformation of Luther ; springing, as mushrooms do at the end of harvest. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others ; whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system. For human life is a continual navigation ; and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety, through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision for the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the Fanatics, in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about ;) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the Family of Love, Sweet Singers of Israel, and the like ; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have so unanimously agreed ; I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principle which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chymists inform us, that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow, being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below : and thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that when the Quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them
for

for the furor——Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others the most amorous. For zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug, or a hum; a sigh, or a groan; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences and repetition. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress; and where are these performed with more dexterity, than by the saints? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that in the height and *orgasmus* of their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * ; immediately after which, they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened, by observing with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though never so contemptible in their outward mien; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think, the sex hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers, for the sake of celestial converse, are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think

no lower ; but the same pit is provided for both. And they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject ; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

SIR,

Your's, &c.

Pray burn this
letter as soon
as it comes to
your hands.

THE END.

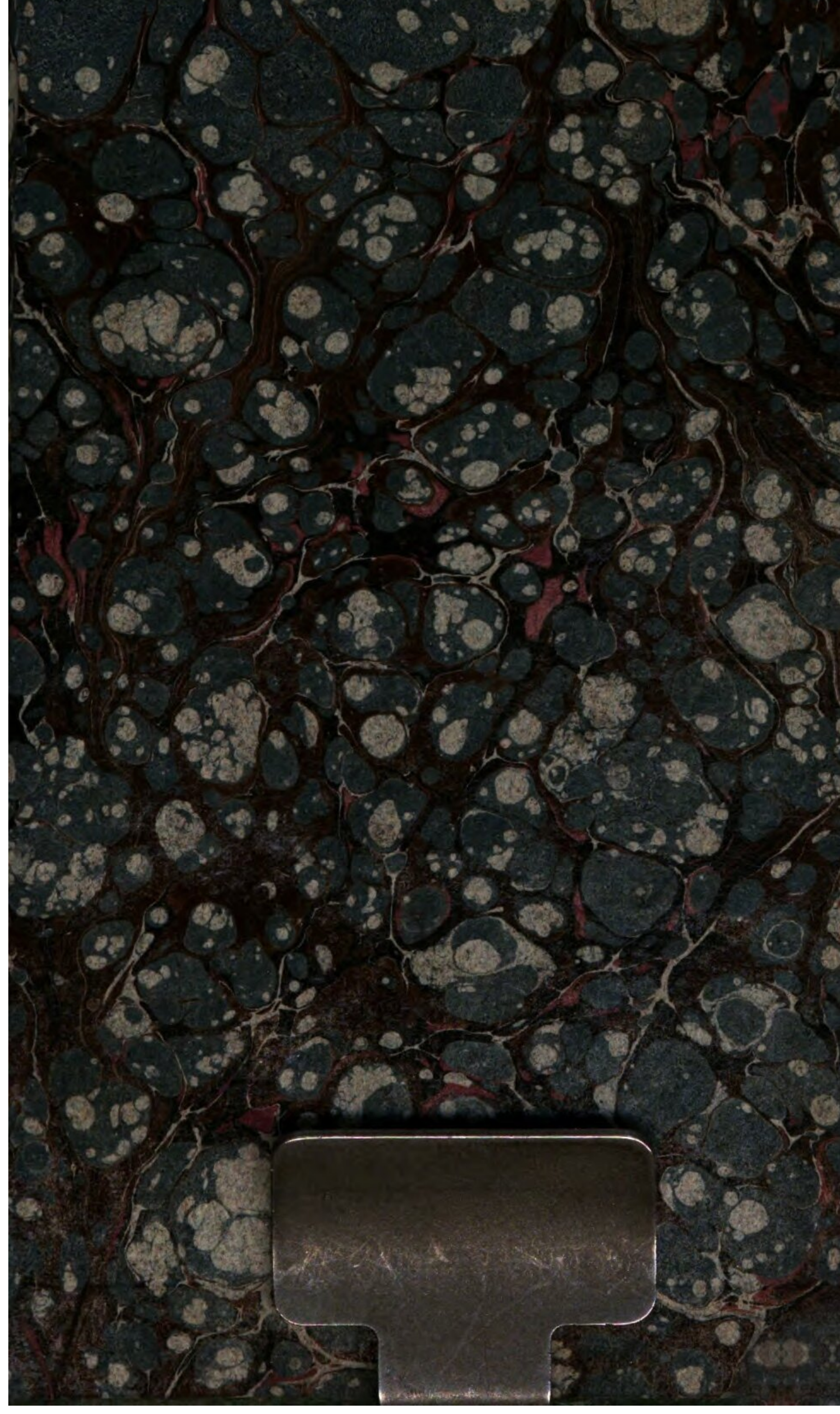


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Swift, Jonathan,

Tale of a Tub written for the universal improvemend of mankind

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